

# SICK

No. 96

02891

40¢

December

**SICK Movie Review:**

## KUNG FOOEY



**"Football  
Isn't All Kicks!" by  
ART BUCHWALD**

**The New Movement:  
PAY TOILETS ARE  
UNCONSTITUTIONAL!**

**Giant BONUS BOARD Cutout**  
★ **THE WATERGATE GAME** ★  
(Guaranteed To Bug You!)








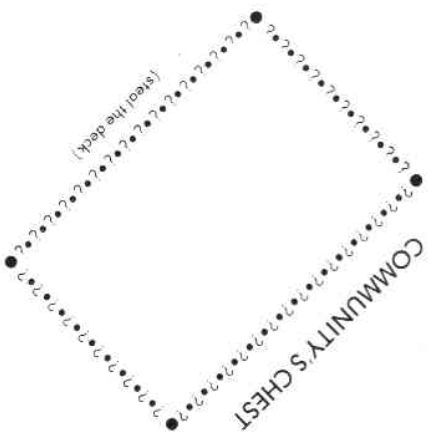

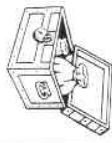


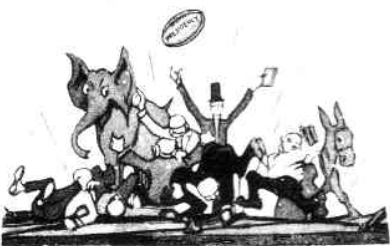










**"MOVIE  
MISCASTS"**  
Contest  
Winners



**FREE  
BONUS CUTOUT**

# THE WATER GATE GAME

**INSTRUCTIONS:  
USE A PAIR OF DICE  
(LOADED, OF COURSE)  
AND KEEP ON GOING  
UNTIL YOU'RE  
COMPLETELY BUGGED!**

 <b>EXECUTIVE IMMUNITY</b> <small>FREE PARKING</small>	 <b>ESTABLISH AN ALIBI</b> <small>Buy a dozen witnesses</small>	 <b>TAKE A CHANCE</b> <small>Leave the country</small>	 <b>GO AHEAD</b> <small>Implicate a friend</small>	 <b>SABOTAGE A CANDIDATE</b> <small>Politics Make Strange Bedfellows</small>	 <b>FREE RIDE ON SHORT LINE TO STATE PRISON</b>
 <b>START A SECRET FUND</b> <small>Pick each player's pocket</small>					
 <b>PLEAD THE FIFTH</b> <small>Then drink it</small>					
 <b>COMMUNITY'S CHEST</b> <small>Take A Card—get it off your chest</small>					
 <b>USE AN ALIAS</b> <small>Take another turn</small>					
 <b>BUG A PAY PHONE</b> <small>Collect a dime</small>	 <p><b>A SICK Novelty Special</b>  <small>Not to be confused with another Company claiming to have a monopoly on the game.</small></p>				
 <b>STACK THE DECK</b> <small>Play both ends against middle</small>					
 <b>SUPPRESS THE FACTS</b> <small>Don't make another move!</small>					
 <b>THROW SOME LIGHT</b> <small>Talk to Grand Jury</small>					
 <b>PASS THE BUCK</b> <small>Move one space back</small>	 <b>JUST VISITING</b>				
 <b>GETTING IN A CORNER</b> <small>Quick: Make a speech!</small>	 <b>BRIBE A FEDERAL AGENT</b> <small>Take two giant steps back</small>	 <b>TAKE A CHANCE</b> <small>Lie to a Committee</small>	 <b>STEAL A DOCUMENT</b> <small>Save someone paperwork</small>	 <b>PLANT A BUG</b> <small>Collect \$200</small>	

**YES, VIRGINIA, THERE IS A**

# SICK

No. 96

December 1973

Volume 13 Number 4

"To err is human, but isn't it divine?"  
—Huckleberry Fink

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**WARNING: The Surgeon General has determined that reading SICK may be dangerous to your health!**



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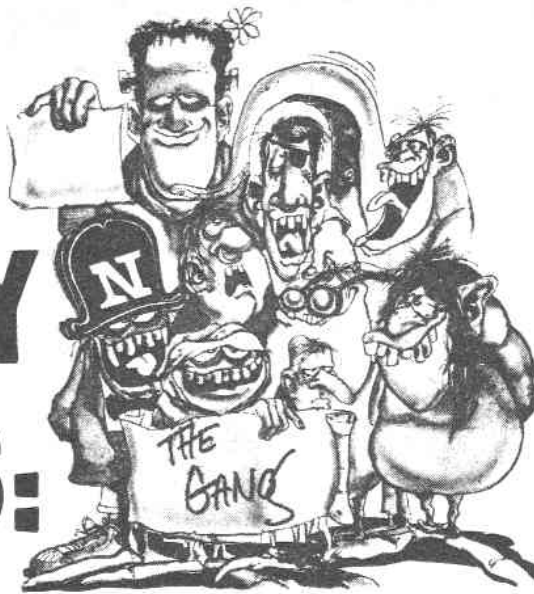


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# SICK- CERELY YOURS:



After reading your Specialized Suicide Notes (#95) I have this to say. You left one out. The Editor of Sick should have written his suicide note. . .

Mark Durtzman  
Spokane, Wash.

**ED. NOTE:** Thank you for assuming he can write!

Bravo on your fine Eyewitness News Team satire. These would-be comedians have really gone too far, injecting their funny remarks and laughter while reporting serious news. You really put them in their place. . .

Craig Philbin  
Racine, Wisc.

## WE GET LETTERS . . . DEAR EDITOR:

I must congratulate you on the movie spoof of 1776 in your September issue. It's about time some attention was given to movies that children can see. I'm disgusted with all those "R" and "X"-rated films your competitors have been parodying lately. My thanks to SICK for presenting something for decent and wholesome kids to read!

Mrs. R. Baisley  
Darien, Conn.

I took your advice on "How To Tell If It's Counterfeit" and looked all through my wallet. You want to know something—all my money is counterfeit!

Sean Schwartz  
Flushing, N.Y.

**ED. NOTE:** Good thing you told us—we're canceling your prepaid subscription!

Your SICK Archeology Finds was priceless. A real gem. Where'd you unearth those things? I really dig them!

Joanne Newcomb  
Mayberry, R.I.

**ED. NOTE:** Too bad you didn't send in those jokes BEFORE we did the article! We could have used them then!

As a native Philadelphian, I strongly resent your September article distastefully entitled "Should The Union Secede From Philadelphia?" I see nothing funny about Philadelphia, much less your image of it. It's a grand old historic city steeped in fine tradition and truly represents all that is America. Why don't you pick on some other city to poke fun at?

A. N. Guthart  
Philadelphia, Pa.

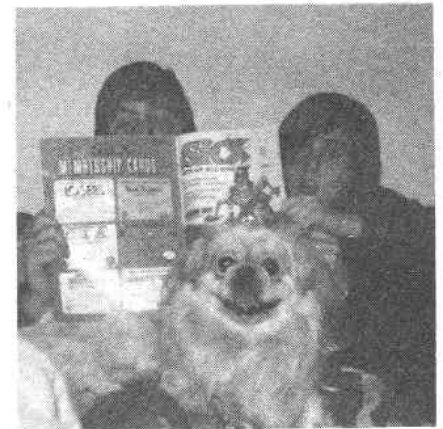
I loved your recent takeoff on Philadelphia. It was a truly original piece of humor, not like the hackneyed stuff you find in those tired humor books. Why don't you do this more often?

Jeffrey Beck  
Scranton, Pa.

The Mayor of Philadelphia ought to sue SICK!

Manny Tolzack  
Phila., Pa.

**ED. NOTE:** If he does, do you know a good Philadelphia lawyer?



In your 1776 issue you had a feature entitled "New Jobs Created By Automation." Do you think the day will ever come when Sick will be replaced by a computer?

Andrew Weisbroat  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

"If Sportscasters Told The Truth" was right on target. Really hilarious. Still don't know how you guys manage to come up with stuff like that all the time!

Farley Thomas, Jr.  
Austin, Texas

Enjoyed your Madison Avenue Nursery Rhymes in the last issue. I have one more for you: Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, Jack steal your copy of the latest Sick!

Jack Marcuse  
Monroe, La.

**ED. NOTE:** You must be Jack the Ripoff!

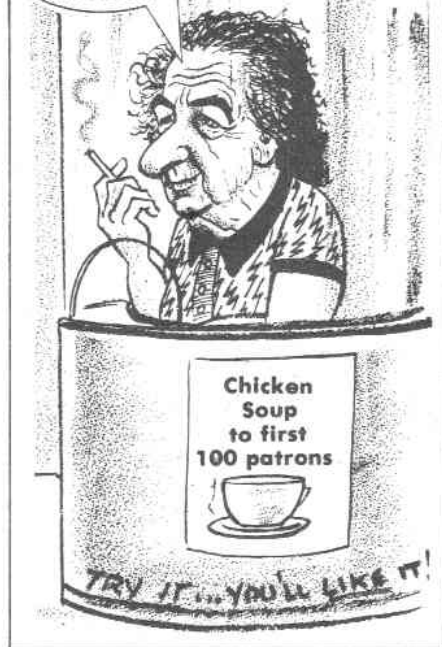
"Before I started this course in comedy writing, I had two scripts published in 'Sick' Magazine. Since then, I have sold eight consecutive stories to 'Sick.' I attribute a lot of the credit to taking your course. It has really helped me in organizing my ideas."—*Testimonial in Writer's Digest.*

And it must help with the doctors' bills.

From  
THE NEW YORKER  
Magazine  
(March 24, 1973)



Psst... wanna see an X-rated picture? Turn to the centerfold!



I saw your poor starving Huckleberry ad. Tell me, how did Huckleberry get into such bad shape?

Vivien Kabu  
Detroit, Mich.

**ED. NOTE:** He forgot to put on his girdle!

Are those legitimate people who write the letters to your Dear Crabbie column?

T. L. Hartley  
Ames, Iowa

**ED. NOTE:** We don't ask embarrassing personal questions!

Your feature on the latest Sick Dolls was not only funny but very true. I heard they now have a doll on the market that you wind up and nine months later it gives birth to another doll...

Nancy Robinson  
Orlando, Fla.

'Bout time you got around to saluting Groucho Marx as your Comedian of the Month. For my money, he's the funniest of them all?

Tony DiLorenzo  
Fall River, Mass.

Alice Cooper for Comedian of the Month.

Bob Harrison  
Enid, Okla

Richard Nixon for Comedian of the Month...

Pat Foxworth  
Tulane, La.

I don't think your Inflationary Dollar Bill was the least bit funny...

Larry Gilbert  
Kokomo, Ind.

**ED. NOTE:** You try stretching a dollar bill these days, and you won't find it funny either!

I tried to pay my dentist with your Inflationary Dollar Bill but he wouldn't accept it...

Metin Altan  
Tulsa, Okla.

**ED. NOTE:** Serves you right for pulling his leg while he was pulling your tooth!

Your salute to Groucho Marx (#95) was far-out. Because of it, you guys started me on the track of buying Sick. Thanks!

Charles Hemphill  
Tucson, Ariz.

I was watching the Merv Griffin Show on TV the other night when what did I see but Merv himself holding up a copy of SICK. This was to show everybody the centerfold pinup inside, Totie Fields. And who was sitting right there beside him? None other than Tugboat Totie herself! What'll you think of next? A nude centerfold of Ed McMahon—so you can get shown on the Johnny Carson Show?

Gregg Larkin  
Seagate, N.Y.

**ED. NOTE:** Thanks for channeling our thoughts!

## WATERGATE BUTTON OF THE MONTH

# NIXON'S THE ONE

For more Watergate Wit  
see page 21

President Thieu plans to retire and move to the same modest palace once used by Juan Peron. Which brings us to the question: nowadays, can Thieu live as cheaply as Juan?...

The Citizen's League for Decent Literature has no redeeming social value...

Hear about the Polish fellow who threw himself on the floor, and missed?...

Talk about the generation gap, a boy was going to a party and his father said, "Have a good time." The kid snapped back, "Don't tell me what to do!"

The Committee to Re-Elect the President is initialed CREEP...

If you're worried about a storm Christmas eve, call Rudy the Russian Weatherman. Rudolph the Red knows rain, dear...

So how come the FBI is always making a federal case out of it???



# THE RETURN OF THE

ONCE UPON A TIME, ON MARCH 14, 1084 B.C.  
TO BE EXACT, THE EGYPTIAN KING, KAKAMAMIE III,  
DIED OF A BAD HEADCOLD. HE WAS GIVEN THE  
USUAL ROYAL TREATMENT... MILES OF BANDAGE  
AND 3000 YEARS BEDREST...



3000 YEARS LATER...



OH, NO, I CAN'T  
BELIEVE IT!

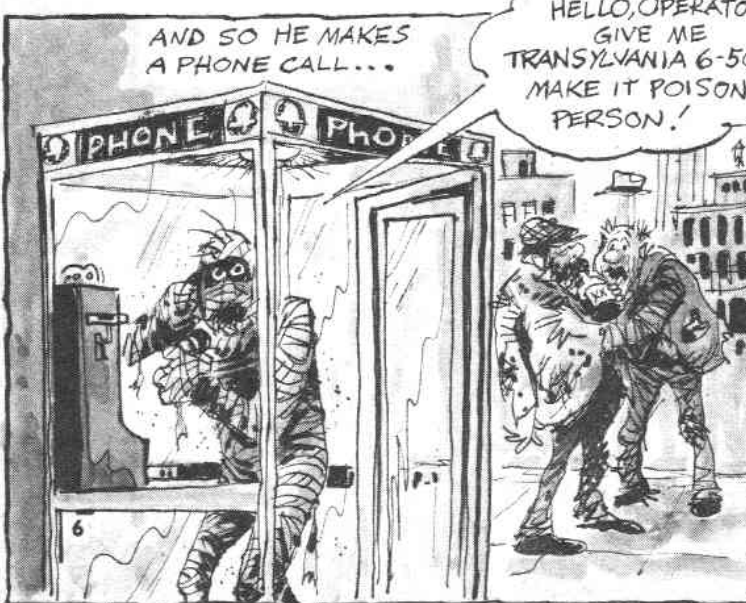
3000  
SECONDS  
LATER...

WHY, IT'S WHITER  
THAN WHITE! IT'S A  
MIRACLE!



SHREEEK!

Stop writing in the margins of this magazine...  
ATTENTION SICK EDITOR:



AND SO HE MAKES  
A PHONE CALL...

HELLO, OPERATOR,  
GIVE ME  
PENNSYLVANIA 6-5000...  
MAKE IT POISON-TO-  
PERSON!

3000 WRONG NUMBERS LATER...



R-ING-G-G

TOMB  
SWEET  
TOMB

JANE FONDA  
2-3-4-5-6



# MUMMY

SCRIPT - BOB HEIT

OR:  
COOL IT, OR I'LL WRAP  
YOU AROUND AGAIN!

ART - DON OREHEK



APPALLED BY THE POOR TASTE DISPLACED BY KAKAMAMIE III, STANDING UP IN HIS OLD, DIRTY GRAY BANDAGES, VIEWERS ALL OVER THE NATION SWITCH CHANNELS, AND PROTEST AGAINST THIS MANGY MUMMY...



FURIOUS BECAUSE OF THE DROP IN HIS RATINGS, KAKAMAMIE III VOWS VENGEANCE...



I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU NEVER TO CALL ME AT THE OFFICE!

DON'T BE FUNNY AND TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG OR GET OFF MY HOT LINE!



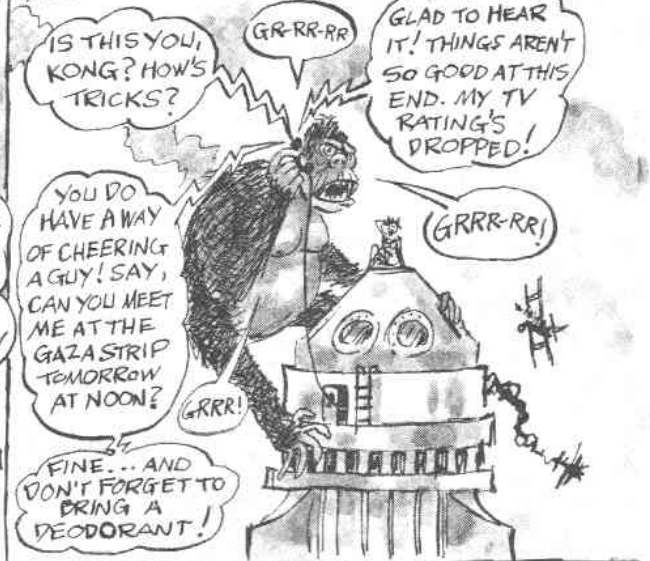
RIGHT ON!

WELL, THAT'S SHOW BIZ... WHAT CAN I DO?

I CAN, IF YOU'LL COME UP WITH SOMETHING I CAN SINK MY TEETH INTO... S'LONG NOW!

THEN THE MUMMY MAKES ANOTHER CALL...

AND STILL ANOTHER CALL...



ATTENTION ATLAS: Get that chip off your shoulder!



AND THE VERY NEXT NIGHT IN TOWN...





AND ONE MORE FINAL CALL...

HELLO, INVISIBLE MAN... ARE YOU THERE? YOU MUST BE, I CAN HEAR YOU EXHALING!

OH, NOW YOU LOST YOUR VOICE! YOU WON'T BE MUCH USE, BUT MEET ME AT NOON TOMORROW AT THE GAZA STRIP!

GREAT.. AND FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE WEAR SOMETHING.

PHOOFFF



ATTENTION STEVE BRODY: They're making you the fall guy...



AND SO IT CAME TO PASS THAT THE MUMMY AND HIS FRIENDS RETURNED TO TV BIGGER AND BETTER THAN EVER AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER. THE MORAL OF THIS STORY IS... NO MATTER WHERE IN THE WORLD YOU GO... NO MATTER WHAT YOU WANT OUT OF LIFE NO MATTER WHO OR WHAT YOU ARE... ALWAYS LISTEN TO YOUR MUMMY!

# FOOTBA ISN'T ALL





HUMOR BY

# LL ART BUCHWALD KICKS

**SPECIAL**  
**SICK**  
**GUEST CELEBRITY**



"Harry... Harry will you stop looking at that stupid football game and listen to me? There's a very suspicious man lurking in front of the house... What do you mean find out what he wants? You find out what he wants... You're the man in this house... Harry, I think he's getting into your car... yes he is getting into your car... let's call the police.

"How can you say that, Harry? Even if the car is insured you should at least make some effort to stop a thief... I don't care if it is fourth down and one to go, you can't let somebody just up and steal your car... look Harry, he's getting out now and opening the hood... He's probably trying to get it started... I think you should at least yell at him...

"All right, so the Redskins made a first down... But if you just come to the window... look he's got the motor started... please, Harry, call the police... what?... it will ruin your afternoon if the police come... yes I know you have your heart set on watching the game, but what are we going to do for a car?

"I'm not distracting you... how can you say I always think of ways of interrupting you when you're watching a football game... am I supposed to let someone steal your car without telling you... Harry, you're getting up from

your chair... what happened?... oh, it's a commercial... no, the car's gone now... the man drove it off... you are going to report it? After the Kansas City game which ends at 7 o'clock?... well you've certainly made a contribution to law and order today...

"All right, I promise I won't bother you again... go back to your game...

"Harry, there's a cab pulling up to the house... Harry, it's our son Jimmy, who has been in the Navy for two years... I didn't even know he was back in this country... oh my goodness he looks so brown and tall... come Harry, let's greet him at the door... Harry, you don't want to greet your son after he fought for his country?...

"Oh you can't leave the set now because the Cardinals have just fumbled?... no, don't worry, I'll ask Jimmy to come in the side door so he won't disturb you... why are you yelling at me?... Be mad at the Navy. They're the ones who let Jimmy come home on Sunday.

"Harry, I know you told me not to bother you, and I've left you alone for the entire quarter, but something has come up I think you should know about... our daughter Gertrude has just called me from the hospital and she's about to give birth to a baby... will you stop screaming at me?...

"I know it isn't a big thing to have a baby, Harry... women have them all the time. Ordinarily it isn't worth interrupting a football game to tell you about it, but I would like to remind you of one thing Harry... Gertrude isn't married!... This could be a very traumatic experience for a 15-year-old girl...

"Yes, Harry, I'm as sorry as you are that Bragg missed the field goal... it's very wet on that astro-turf... well I'll go to the hospital myself. I'm sure Gertrude will understand...

\* \* \*

"I'm back, Harry... Gertrude had a little boy... what game are you watching now?... the San Diego Chargers. What happened to the Redskins? They won?... isn't that wonderful... then your afternoon wasn't a complete waste after all.

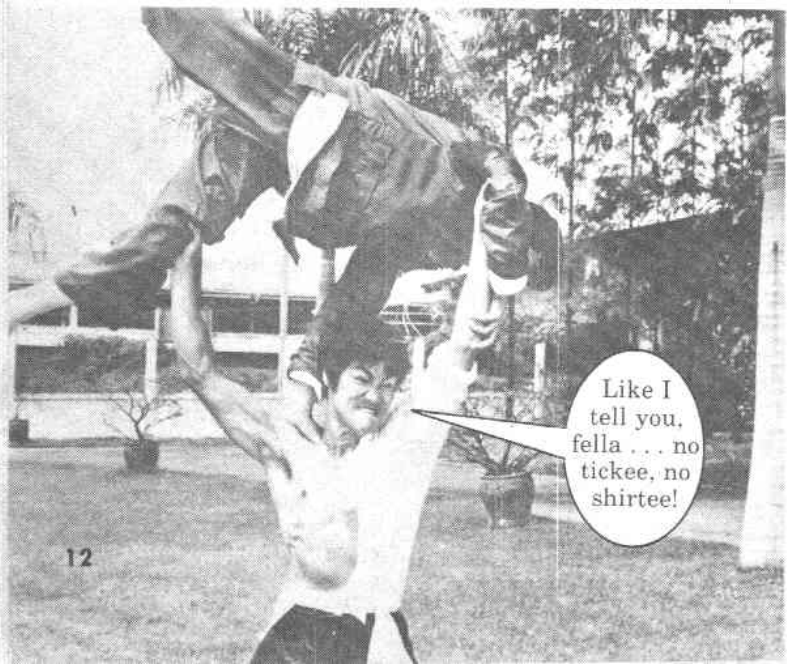
"Harry I've decided to leave you... no I can't wait until San Diego loses the ball... I wish to discuss it now... I've given it a lot of thought and I've decided that life is just passing me by... don't turn the volume up, Harry... it won't do you any good.

"I've made my decision, Harry... Harry, turn down the set... no, Harry, there is no sense talking about it tomorrow night... why not?... because tomorrow night Detroit is playing the Minnesota Vikings."

**END**

# KUNG

SICK Movie Review by FRED WOLFE



Flash! The USA has been invaded! No, don't send for John Wayne—he's too busy filling out his unemployment check since Westerns are *out* and Far Easterns are *in*. We're talking about the rash of movies on *Kung Fu*—which is great, if you like a rash. These cockamamie karate-operas were shot in Hong Kong—but unfortunately, they missed! The only other thing of significance that came out of Hong Kong was the *flu*. And to tell you the truth, the flu we enjoyed better!

The part that would gladden Jack Benny's heart is the fact that these cut-rate karate-omelettes cost only \$40,000 to make—20-thousand for film and 20-thousand for bandages and splints. For in this kind of picture, when they ask an actor to take a part, they mean take a-part another actor—limb by limb. As you can guess, this type of epic is no "Sound Of Music"—only the sound of broken bones—and the happy humming of oriental orthopedic surgeons. And we mustn't forget the most important factor of all—*blood*. In fact, these Kung Fu movies furnish enough plasma for Count Dracula and his crowd to burp on throughout eternity. The only "Yellow Peril" is the audience chickening-out and up-chucking from all the gore galore. Not to mention the plot—like the one of: "*Five Fingers Of Death*." The entire plot of this picture could be smuggled out of China on the back of a postage stamp!

Forget about the stars—this cast of characters reads like a Chinese menu. In fact, we highly recommend the female lead in the picture, who is especially tasty with a side order of duck sauce. And speaking of ducking, if anyone doesn't get out of the way of the karate chops they wind up as instant chop suey. The hero, *Lo Lieh* (who he?) begins by going to karate college for a course in advanced spine-snapping—after which he intends to apply for The Peace Corps. He leaves behind him his beloved, *Ying Ying*, his rubber duck and his teddy bear. As you might deduce, the heros of these movies never go in for sex—not even an obscene fortune cookie. While *Lo Lieh* is a student at "*Kung Fu U.*," he is set upon by Samurai swordsmen imported by the evil *Meng*—the Gung Ho God—who cannot induce the idealistic *Lo Lieh* to join his motley crew. Whereupon, they gently rap *Lo Lieh* on his knuckles—with an anvil. At this

ATTENTION BUREAU OF MISSING CHINESE: Look in the Yellow Pages!



# FOOHEY

point, it looks highly doubtful that he will ever play the violin again. However, Lo Lieh is rescued by the beautiful *Yen*, who has a beautiful yen for Lo Lieh—who however, is too stupid to do anything about it—as he is not that kind of a guy—being the only karate master to wear a *black chastity belt*. Finally, Lo Lieh is fully healed—and half-soled—and sets out to win all the medals in the All-China Karate Championship Matches. And so drags on this sagging saga of a real “side-splitting” Mark Spitz!

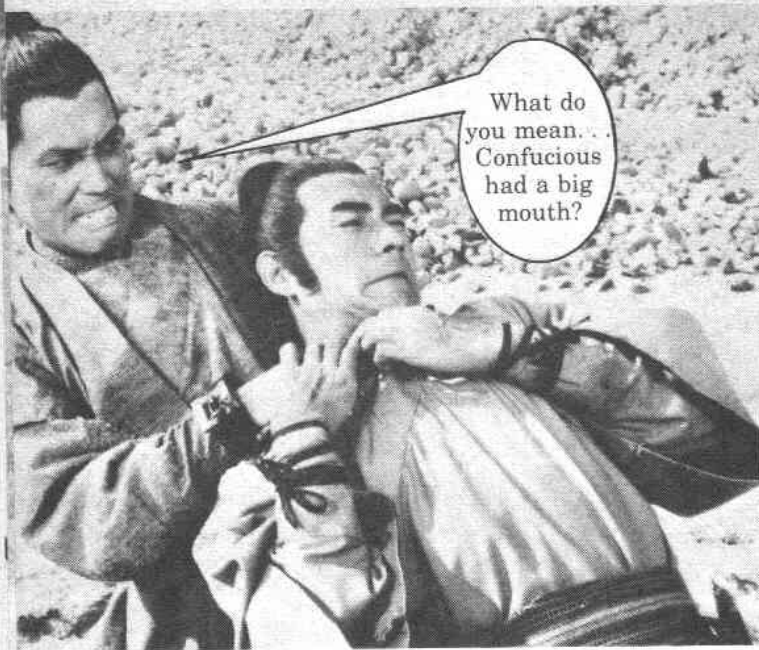
Another example of this photoplay phenomena that's been making such a big noise—usually the sound of booing—is “*Fists Of Fury*.” This stars Bruce Lee—the Far-Eastern Clint Eastwood. Lee used to star as *Kato* on the TV series “*The Green Hornet*”—and so he fights like a true son of a bee. Bruce portrays *Cheng*, a factory worker in Bangkok, employed by a sly Chinese called *Mi*, who is engaged on the side as drug-pusher and talent-agent for ladies-of-the-evening. Bruce the goose mistakes *Mi* for a kindly old choir master and readily accepts the invitation to dine at his den. *Mi* slips Bruce a Mickey, and when he is seen leaving this Mandarin massage parlor, Bruce is scorned by his co-workers who figure he has sold out for some interesting *fringe benefits*!

After being tipped off by one of the “Sidewalk Cinderellas” that *Mi* is a drug peddler, Bruce goes after the “Cantonese Connection.” Only, there's no car chase—it's all done with revved-up rickshaws. Bruce goes alone to the factory, where he finds the “hot” drugs. In fact, they're so hot, *Mi* has packed them in ice—plus the hacked-up bodies of Bruce's cousin *Chen* and his friends. And we think that *we've* got a meat shortage! *Mi*'s henchmen catch Bruce in the act—which is the first piece of acting he's done in the whole picture—but Bruce triumphs over all. When the smoke clears we see that Bruce has driven them all into the ground. No wonder they took away his chauffeur's license!

In the meantime, *Mi*'s assassins slip up on the rest of *Chen*'s clan while they're taking 40 winks—and give them 40 whacks—then kidnap *Chen*'s sister, *Mei*. Bruce sets out to rescue *Mei* from a fate worse than death—being cast in another one of these movies. And as for *Mi*—oh, boy—is he going to get it! Bruce creeps up on *Mi*'s palatial estate—and his jockey shorts creep up on Bruce. Although the place is protected by guard dogs, Bruce gets rid of the cantankerous canines by swiping their fire hydrant. Needless to say, Bruce gives *Mi* more lumps than

(continued on next page)





you find in a pint of Won-Ton soup and saves the day. To sum it up: Forget those boats floating on the Yangtse River—this kind of picture is *real* Chinese junk!

The real biggie is "*Deep Thrust*"—no, not "*Throat*"—we ain't getting this magazine raided! The opening scene is enough to bring tears to the eyes of any New Yorker, as he views about 19 thugs using Kung Fu, Karate, Jiu Jitsu and Judo on some poor slob in a wooded area. This is because it's happening in *Central Park*. The incident is witnessed by a slick Chinese chick, who waits until the hoods beat the be-jabbers out of the hero before lending a helping hand. See, even in China, they don't want to get *involved*. When she reaches the poor guy's side, he is barely able to whisper an ancient Chinese piece of wisdom—which roughly translates into: "Oh, boy, just try to find a *cop* when you need one!"

The scene fades to a gambling casino, where a groovy oriental dish (*Meg Foo Young*) is faded by the croupier and, in short order, proceeds to break the bank—with her fist! She asks for *Ling Ha Choo*, and some wiseacre calls out "*Gesundheit!*" Unable to find the man she is seeking, she then asks for her winnings—to *take out*. The manager, unhappy about the way she handled the dice—never having seen an egg roll before—refuses to hand over the fat purse. Whereupon, she hands him a fat lip, coming on like Jane Bond. At least 007 hired hands attempt to jump her—only it's *for her money!* (Boy, is this picture old-fashioned!) However, she mops up the floor with this Cantonese Cosa Nostra with an outstanding display of Martial Arts (Martial being a torpedo she hired in Chicago.) Cheers ring out from the back of the theater as she mangles all the men in sight. Man, that Betty Friedan is everywhere!

It seems that this Ms. Kitty Karate, who messed up the Mandarin Mafia, is looking for this Ha Choo cat, because three years ago he had done her little sister wrong and she is seeking revenge—or at the very least, his telephone number. She is fantastically equipped for battle—38-26-38—and also for fighting, probably having learned to defend herself during the subway rush hour. She is the completely liberated woman who goes berserk at the mention of two words—*Hugh Hefner*. She hates men to such an extent that, if you'd ever shake hands with this lethal lily, forever after you'd be known as *Lefty!*

However, Ha Choo's chick, who nursed him back to health after he was the "muggee" in the opening scene, digs him the most. And, speaking of getting dug, Ha Choo stupidly returns to the nogoodnick crew who gave him his lumps. Whereupon they play patty-cake with him—using a concrete cake—and then decide to bury him alive. Wow, that Internal Revenue Service doesn't horse around! Instead of the cavalry coming to the rescue, Ha Choo is saved by *Superbroad*, who knocks off two columns of hoods—first, one from Column A then, one from Column B!

Ha Choo's girl, who was hanging around the door of criminal headquarters while he was getting clobbered, is then seen given away as a door prize to the imported Japanese warrior who mugged him. This



den of iniquity is being run by a 9th grade karate guy. No, he isn't that good—he just never got past the ninth grade in school. His partner in crime is a middle-aged momma with slit skirts and a long cigarette holder. (So *that's* what happened to the Dragon Lady!) When she sees the young girl who's betrothed to Ha Choo, she becomes enraged and starts to whip and whip and whip—and before long, they have a tub of butter!

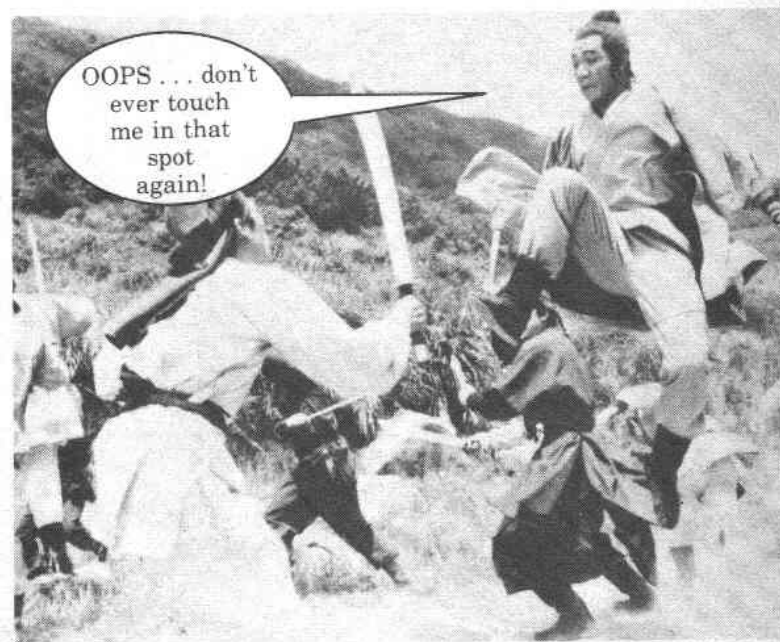
In order to see that nobody else kills off Ha Choo before she gets a crack at him—preferably in his skull—the Superbroad proceeds to take apart the Samurai warrior. She has no problem dismantling this product of Japan—since he was originally put together with cheap labor. Meanwhile, back at the temple, where she had left him to recuperate, Ha Choo runs into an old man—with his *Honda*. To show his gratitude for removing the tire marks from his face, the old Chinaman reveals to Ha Choo—the chronic loser—a book containing the *last word* in self-defense. For a few extra bucks, he also supplies him with all the other words that went before the last word. This discipline is called “*Tai Chee*.” It can only work however, if you can catch *Chee* off-guard and *tie* him up!

From here on, this picture makes every Sam Peckinpah violence epic look like a Girl Scout outing. The Yangtse gangsters catch good scout Ha Choo at the temple, but this time he isn't peddling any cookies. With his newly-acquired mangling technique, there is soon more plasma showing than at a Vampire's picnic. They soon discover to their dismay that Ha Choo is no longer an underdog. They find this out, when they place a bowl of “*Alpo*” in front of him and he refuses to eat. To get even, the nasties kill off the old man—by hardening his arteries with starch from their laundry!

Ha Choo is now ready for the showdown with his old enemy. Actually, he was a young enemy—but the picture is so violent he feels *beat*. They decide to hold the big event at a rock quarry. But something gets lost in translation and they found themselves at a *rock concert* instead. With Superbroad as the referee, the two contestants gird their loins for battle. Only their girds keep slipping, not to mention their bras. In one-two Ha Choo *floors* his opponent. Then his opponent gets up and *ceilings* Ha Choo. Ha Choo beats his adversary to the punch—drinks the whole bowl—and then proceeds with the fight!

Having read the rest of the script in this interval, the villain finally dies from terminal boredom. Before Superbroad can finish off poor Ha Choo, his girlfriend puts her foot down and pleads for Ha Choo's life. Fortunately, she put her foot down on Superbroad's *ankle*—with golf cleats! And so, Superbroad nobly gives up her vendetta and wishes them well. Which is exactly what this picture needed—a “get well” greeting, as it's the sickest yet. With all these tough guy tactics, they may eventually have to turn to another type of movie for a change of pace. Something like “*Five Fingers Of Fire Island*.” This is the story of a *hairdresser* who smashes mashed potatoes with his *limp wrist*!

END



I'm Zelda.

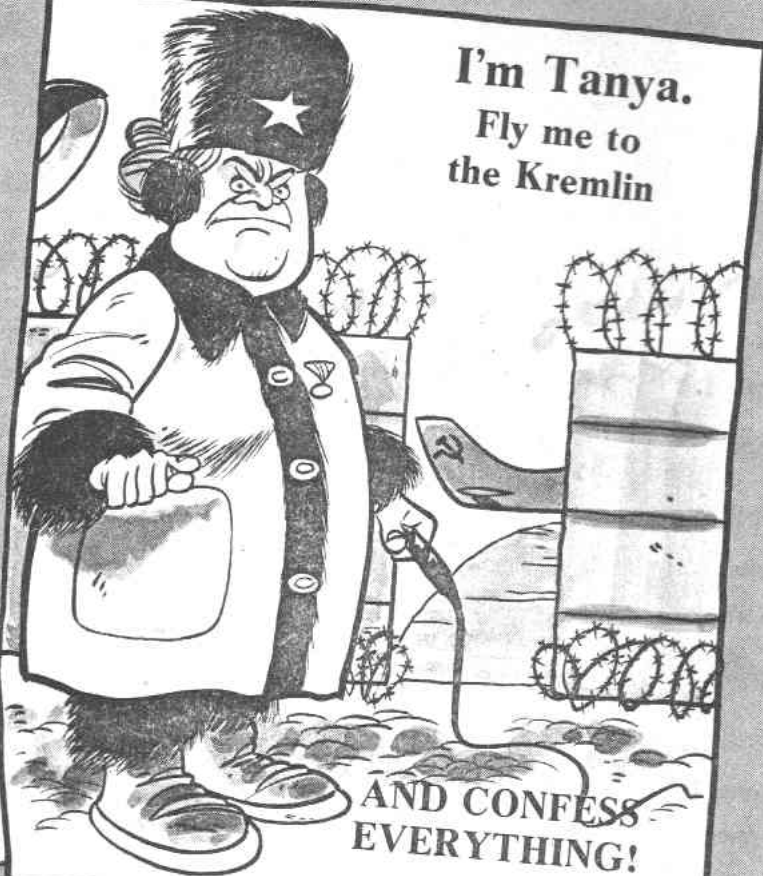
Fly me to  
Tel Aviv.

—but we'll  
keep it  
strictly  
kosher!



I'm Tanya.  
Fly me to  
the Kremlin

AND CONFESS  
EVERYTHING!



They say that imitation is the  
sincerest form of flattery.  
If that's the case, it won't be  
long before the copycats latch  
onto one of the most successful  
airline campaigns of all time  
and we see ...

# FLY-ME ADS

I'm Inez.

Fly me  
to Brazil.

My cups  
runneth over...



I'm  
Gina.




You'd  
better fly  
me to  
ITALY...

or answer  
to my  
Godfather!





**I'M MI-LING.**  
**FLY ME TO CHINA**  
 ...and an hour later  
 you'll want to fly  
 me again!\*

COLUMN A	COLUMN B
	
	
	
	

\*with First Class  
 you get egg roll.



**I'm Kristina.**

Fly me  
 to Germany  
 today... and  
 tomorrow  
 the World!



STOP  
 SHOW  
 YOUR  
 PAPERS

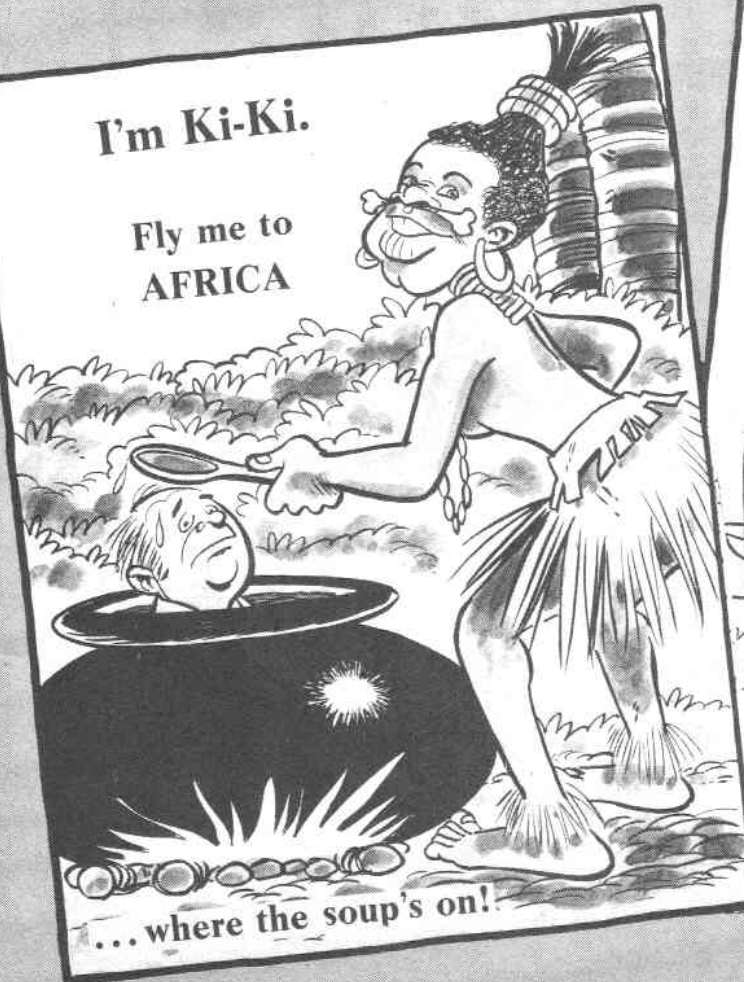
Art by JOHN LANGTON

Script by  
 FRED WOLFE

## FROM OTHER COUNTRIES

**I'm Ki-Ki.**

Fly me to  
**AFRICA**



... where the soup's on!

**I'm Maria.**

Fly me to Cuba.



**THIS IS A  
 HIJACK!**

BOOK  
BONUS:

# The Revolting

From the book LUCK AND PLUCK  
Copyright © 1973 by Glendon Swarthout  
Published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.



ATTENTION ALL LEOPARDS: Get ready for a spot check!



# Leo Lovejoy

YOUR FRIENDLY  
NEIGHBORHOOD  
BOMB-MAKER!

by GLENDON SWARTHOUT

On his way home from work Charlie Merriwell stopped in a drugstore and bought a paperback book and a box of the small plastic-tipped champagne-flavored cigars. When he reached his apartment in the Beverly Royale, he had company. At the dining room table a young man was cutting leather and making sandals and a young woman was stringing beads. Lulu, his friend and cook, introduced Charlie to them, then took him aside.

"They're friends of mine and really creative kids, and Charlie, they don't have any money or anyplace to sleep. I invited them to stay here till they find somewhere. You're so loaded and generous, I was sure it'd be okay with you. It is, isn't it, Charlie?"

"I guess so," he said. "But only till they find a pad of their own."

Lulu smiled at him for the first time. "I knew you wouldn't care. Now there's somebody I really want you to meet. Leo!" She called into her bedroom. "Come on out, Leo!"

Leo appeared, preceded by long toenails and a militant body odor.

"Leo, this is Charlie Merriwell," said Lulu. "Charlie, this is Leo Lovejoy, my rocket."

"Please to meet you, Mr. Lovejoy," said Charlie. He put out a hand, but Leo's hands were full of wires, sticks of dynamite, and an alarm clock. "Your rocket?" he asked Lulu.

"We're sort of making it together," she dimpled.

"Oh."

Leo Lovejoy sat down on a sofa. He wore fringed buckskin pants and a grungy T-shirt with the word ON in capital letters across his chest and Mexican huraches soled with strips of automobile tires.

Charlie and Lulu sat down facing him.

"What do you do for a living, Mr. Lovejoy?" asked Charlie.

"Leo doesn't do anything for a living. He lives," Lulu explained. "You may not know it, Charlie, but Leo represents the whole Counterculture."

"Really?"

"Yes. He's a legend in his own time. Mythic. Charlie—Leo pissed on the Pentagon with Norman Mailer."

"He did?"

"He really did. But that's only the beginning. He burned down a bank in Santa Barbara—he threw his body in front of a troop train at Oakland—he

cut cane in Cuba—he confronted the National Guard at Kent State." Lulu became quite excited. "Charlie, Leo was at Woodstock. He knows Angela personally, and Kesey and Rubin and Rudd and the Berrigans and Clever and Leary and Lennon and Leonard Bernstein and Dylan and the Maharishi and Jane Fonda. He's lived in the Hashbury and a commune in Vermont and a federal slam in Kansas. He's been in Nepal and on the Isle of Wight. Charlie, Leo knows how to get in touch with Bernardine Dohrn and how to make it to Algeria in forty-eight hours. He's been into every possible scene. He's managed the Fugs and grown grass commercially and been defended by Kuntler. He's popped with the Panthers and dropped with the Weathermen and sniffed with the SDS and strung himself out on horse and saved himself through Jesus."

"Gollee," said Charlie.

Lulu fluttered her eyelashes in rapture. "I mean, making love to Leo," she declared, "is like making love to history!"

Charlie opened the box and lit one of his newly purchased plastic-tipped champagne-flavored cigars. "But even Leo's got to make a living," he argued.

"Well, he's been on welfare a lot. And there's always food stamps."

"All that travel, though. Travel's expensive."

"He had a cool thing going for a while. Smuggling in pure H from Nam. In coffins."

"Coffins?"

"Cool, huh? You know how they flew the bodies home in coffins. Well, Leo had a connection in some embalming brigade at Da Nang. When they packed a boy up to fly him home to his family to be buried, they packed the coffin full of H. Then when the coffin got to Travis—that's the Air Force base—Leo had a connection there who took out the H and Leo cut it and moved it into the market. It was really big bread while it lasted. Leo really cleaned up. Even free freight. Air express."

Leo stood suddenly, paced several times around the sofas making snarling sounds, then sat down again.

"What happened?" asked Charlie.

"That — — — — — Nixon started withdrawing the troops," said Lulu. "Casualties went way down. No casualties, no coffins. No coffins, no H."

"The fickle finger of fate," said Charlie. "What  
(continued on next page)

does Leo do now? You said he just lives, but I mean, does he have a hobby?"

"Not a hobby. A crusade."

"A crusade?"

"He's a bomber."

"A bomber?" Charlie tried to blow a smoke ring and failed. "What does he bomb?"

"Well, that's what hung him up for a long time. What to bomb. It was a toughie. Put yourself in his shoes—"

"I like cordovans."

"Figuratively, I mean. If you were going to bomb things for the good of mankind, where would you start?"

"I never thought of that."

"Leo did. He nearly bent his brain over the options. The White House? The Vatican? The U.N.? The Louvre? The Sphinx? But those are just symbols, he decided, and who wants to bomb just a symbol?"

"Not me," said Charlie.

Leo stood suddenly, paced a complete circuit of the sofas, and made snarling sounds. He was like a creature of the wild, caged by circumstance. Then he sat down again.

"But after a lot of meditation and fasting, he finally figured it out," Lulu continued. "So you know what he's demolishing?"

"What?"

"Snack food shops."

Charlie swallowed some smoke and coughed. "Snack food shops?"

"Yes. Leo has this groovy theory. In his opinion, franchised food is the root cause of all our human and moral and political problems. He's a very deep thinker. Most of us would say the root cause is probably things like what we hear or read or see or

feel. But that's too easy. Leo's dug deeper. He's certain now—we are what we eat. And since we're in such horrible shape, and more of us are eating franchised food every day—it's got to follow. So he's started to bomb snack food shops."

"That's quite a job," said Charlie. "There must be a couple hundred thousand in the country."

Lulu frowned. "When you're making a revolution," she said, "you've got to start somewhere. Last night he blew up a Chicken Ecstasy and an Orange Julius. In the last two weeks he's destroyed two Bob's Big Boys, a Lone Ranger—just think what Tontoburgers must be doing to us ethnically—and two Pullman Pies and an Arby's Roast Beef. Tonight he's going for a Gino's Pizza."

"I'll be darned," said Charlie. "Say, speaking of food, I'm starving. What're we having for dinner?"

"Oh, I sent out for some stuff from a Taco Bell. You know, enchiladas and chili rellenos and things."

A thought occurred to Charlie. "But just a second. If Leo wipes out all the snack shops in Los Angeles, what'll we eat?"

"Don't panic," she smiled. "They grow like weeds—blow one up and two take its place. That's what's so depressing to Leo—the impossibility of his task." She sighed. "I feel so sorry for him sometimes. He's just not appreciated. He's concerned, he's committed, but he's also spiritually violated. He's given the best fifteen years of his life to the Revolution—to wrecking the Establishment, to utterly trashing this country and its institutions, to making the world a better place to live. And what does he have to show for it? Acid indigestion."

END





# THE WIT AND WISDOM OF WATERGATE

The President is coming out with a new slogan: "Impeachment With Honor!"

A man in Washington now manufactures Republican furniture—Watergate beds!

The Nixon Administration really loves America. And you always hurt the one you love.

The scandal has proven that you can fool some of the people all of the time and all of the people some of the time—but you can't trust a single soul in Washington!

The old campaign button—"Nixon's The One"—is now being worn again!

Overheard recently on the President's yacht: "Would you please say we're going north—not up the river!"

In Washington the new cry is: "Don't raise the Watergate—lower the boom!"

The Marine Band is rehearsing the President's new theme song: "Bail To The Chief!"

Exclusive: Bob Hope will form a troupe to entertain the Watergate wounded!

The FBI is being called the "Federal Bugging Institute."

They say that if J. Edgar Hoover were alive today he'd turn over in his grave!

The head of the Democratic Party was talking to the head of the Republican Party on the phone recently. He didn't mean to—he just picked up the phone and there he was.

The scandal merely shows that Washington is just like any other town. Everybody listens in on the phone.

The CIA is now being called the "Coverup Investigations Agency."

Whoever expected to see the dollar and the White House devalued in the same year?

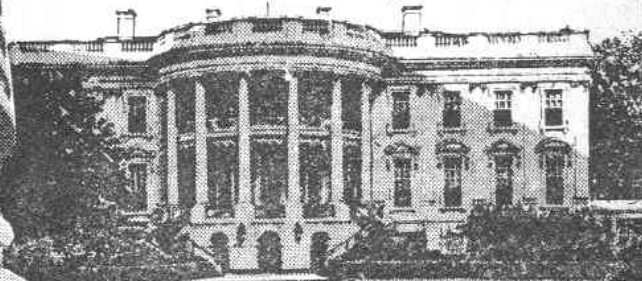
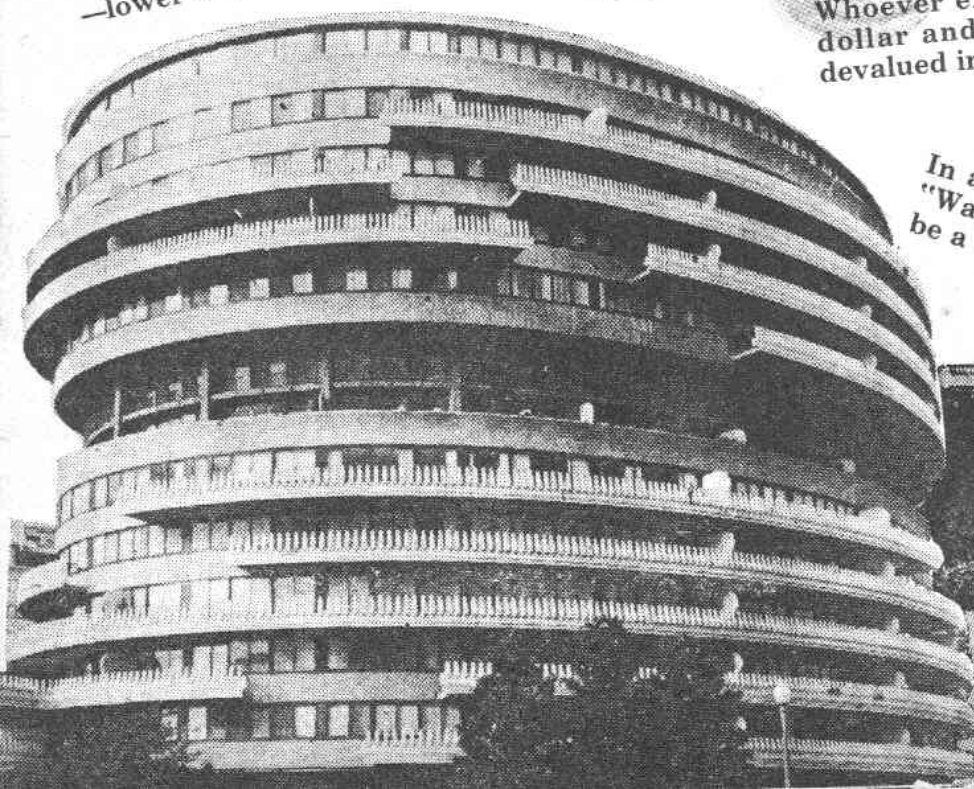
Exclusive: John Mitchell will divorce Martha and marry Bella Abzug!

In a nutshell: Where there's a "Watergate" there's bound to be a "Mill House."

They may have to hold the recent Watergate hearings all over again. The Hearing Room was bugged!

Rumor has it that the scandal will soon involve Billy Graham.

Nixon wanted another four years and he may get them—in Leavenworth!



# Modern Day Fairy Tales

by  
MARYLYN IPPOLITO

(with illustrations by BERNIE COOTNER)



COOTNER

## LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD



Once upon a time, there was a red-lidded young teeny-bopper who lived way out in the suburbs with her divorced mother. The mother fooled around a lot. This gave the daughter a lot of ideas.

And so one day, to get the daughter out of the house for a few hours because she had a few affairs to settle, the mother sent the teeny-bopper to visit her old ailing grandmother who lived near Central Park. She gave her a bag of groceries to take to her, and reminded the kid not to talk to strangers.

On the way to her grandmother's house, the teeny-bopper decided to take a stroll through Central Park. While she was busy picking some poison ivy, this really groovy hippie started to talk to her. He seemed harmless enough, so the naive kid told him where she was going. He ran off and left the teeny-bopper to go the rest of the way by herself. Boy, she was bopping mad!

About three hours later she finally made it to her grandmother's house. The nervy kid didn't even bother to knock. She just walked right in. She went into the bedroom and sat down on the bed.

"My, what long hair you have, grandmother!"

No answer.

"My, what beady eyes you have, grandmother!"

No answer.

"My, what a bushy beard you have, grandmother!"

"It's none of your damned business," replied the grandmother, who came walking in from the bathroom.

The teeny-bopper was so shocked by her swinging grandmother that she ran out of the apartment. What made her really mad was the fact that the hippie chose her grandmother over her!



## CINDERELLA



In a far-off land there once lived a poor but beautiful young girl and her name was Cinderella. Her real name was Ella, but she was busted so many times for being an arsonist and burning everything to a cinder, that her nickname was the one used on police files.

And so it came to pass that this chick grew tired of all her old flames. She wanted something more out of life, so she took a trip to fairyland—Greenwich Village. After hearing about a fabulous party where anybody who was anybody would attend, she decided to get some new threads and crash it. She searched all the boutiques for something different to wear, and finally, in a dingy little joint, she found it—groovy glass slippers. Since they were one of a kind the owner wouldn't sell them, but he did agree to rent them for the night. If they were brought back before twelve o'clock, that is.

So Cinderella went to the party, unescorted, so she'd have a better chance of being picked up. And then she saw him—Bernie Moskowitz, alias the Prince, because he stole only from royalty. The two of them dug each other right off. The frugged and monkeyed and twisted all night. They even danced when the music came on.

At the very stroke of midnight the party was raided. The cops were all over the place. Cinderella escaped by clunking a cop over the head with one of the glass slippers. The rest of the party, including the Prince, spent a week in jail.

When the Prince was finally released, he began looking for Cinderella. He saved the glass slipper as a memento of the freaky chick he loved. He tried that slipper routine on every chick he could. After many months passed, he met up with Cinderella again. She had been searching all over for him too. She had fallen deeply in love with him, and had promised to go straight if she ever found him again. The next day they were married. And the next week they were divorced.

The moral of this story is: Never marry a neurotic man who has a foot fetish!

## THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES



There once lived a very shifty theatrical agent. He was doing lousy business. All he handled were singers who couldn't sing, dancers who couldn't dance, and a magician who couldn't magish. What this agent needed was a show-stopping act. Somebody who was great. Somebody who was different. Somebody who was somebody.

And then it came to him! A stripper. But no ordinary stripper. He would handle a male stripper! He would make show business history.

So the very shifty agent found a very-out-of-work dancer. His name was Hannibal Purdy. He had a great face, a fabulous body, and a lousy name. After about eleven seconds, he had the entire act worked out. He remembered a story in the newspaper that morning of how fashion-minded today's men were becoming, and so he based the new act on that.

Hannibal was to come on stage dressed as royalty, but being bored with all his clothes. He brings out two guys who are supposed to be magic-weavers to weave him the most extraordinary new outfit. Then Hannibal goes into his strip act. It would be sensational!

So the agent spent every penny he could borrow to build up the act, which he now called "The Emperor's New Clothes." All show business waited for the opening.

A few days before the act was to appear however, two new plays came upon Broadway. One was "Hair," and the other was "Oh, Calcutta!" And so, who wanted to look at just one naked guy when there were bunches of them running around all over the place?

Hannibal Purdy and his very shifty agent are still around. If you ever run into them, be kind. Buy one of their pencils!

## JACK AND JILL



Little Boy Blue  
Hates to blow his horn.  
You see, he's in Welk's band  
And has to play corn.  
Why does that little cat  
Feel low as dirt?  
He'd rather be playing  
Jazz with Al Hirt.

(additional lyrics by WARREN EMERY)

## BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP



Baa, baa, black sheep,  
Have you any wool?  
"Heck, yes, I'd guess  
Three bags full.  
None for my master  
And none for my dame  
And none for the little boy  
That lives in the lane.  
They no longer need me;  
I'll have to file on  
Because everything now  
Is made of nylon."

## LITTLE BOY BLUE

Jack and Jill  
Went up the hill  
To gaze at vegetation,  
But the fog,  
Grime and smog  
Ruined their respiration.

Jack and Jill,  
On that same hill,  
Began to do some kissing.  
Jack made a pass  
At the cute lass.  
Now his front teeth are missing.





At last, they're here! The winners of SICK's Movie Miscasts Contest! Each of the following people receives a free copy of the hilarious new Pyramid humor book "KIDS' LIB." Listed at the bottom are those people who just fell short of making the Top Ten. If your name doesn't appear anywhere on the page, don't give up. There'll be another big contest in our next issue. Just figure that you were mis-cast in this one...

# WINNERS OF THE MOVIE MISCASTS CONTEST



Jane Fonda  
in  
**KISSES FOR MY PRESIDENT**  
(submitted by Paulette Nordmann,  
Bronx, N.Y.)

Jack Benny  
in  
**A FISTFUL OF DOLLARS**  
(submitted by Rebecca Glenn,  
San Antonio, Texas)

Michael Dunn  
in  
**TALL IN THE SADDLE**  
(submitted by Pat Richardville,  
Vincennes, Ind.)

Twiggy  
in  
**THE WAY OF ALL FLESH**  
(submitted by Dave Jacobson,  
Los Angeles, Calif.)

Moms Mabley & The Los Angeles Lakers  
in  
**SNOW WHITE & THE SEVEN DWARFS**  
(submitted by Lonnie Lee,  
Memphis, Tenn.)



George Sanders  
in  
**LUST FOR LIFE**  
(submitted by Barrie Grossen,  
Minneapolis, Minn.)

Marlon Brando  
in  
**MASSACRE AT SAND CREEK**  
(submitted by Abraham Kianofsky,  
Brooklyn, N.Y.)

Raquel Welch  
in  
**ROOM AT THE TOP**  
(submitted by Robin Ryan,  
Portland, Maine)

Lawrence Welk  
in  
**THE SOUND OF MUSIC**  
(submitted by Gregory Martinez,  
Holyoke, Mass.)

Burt Reynolds  
in  
**THE INCREDIBLE MR. LIMPIT**  
(submitted by Mildred Kitzinger,  
Vanita Park, Mo.)

## DIS-HONORABLE MENTION

Steve Crumby  
Albert Manski  
Mark Grossman  
Ivo Ganassin  
Craig Unruh  
Glenn Mason  
Joanne Flack  
Jim Cole  
David Pritchard  
Craig Peckarsky  
Tom Gorman  
Andrew Grimm  
Nanci Baldwin  
Sarah Groseman  
Fernando Echeagaray  
P. Korval  
Dwight Millikan

Stephen Brauman  
Ron Seibel  
Tom Perry, Jr.  
Jay Myers  
Mrs. Alice Urban  
Sally Smith  
Brian Battles  
David Weibert  
John Santos  
Paul Oh  
Jeff Clayton  
Scot Merkle  
Ronnie Friedland  
R. & T. Golibersuch  
Marian Lecas  
Melanie Weistra  
Barry Skiles

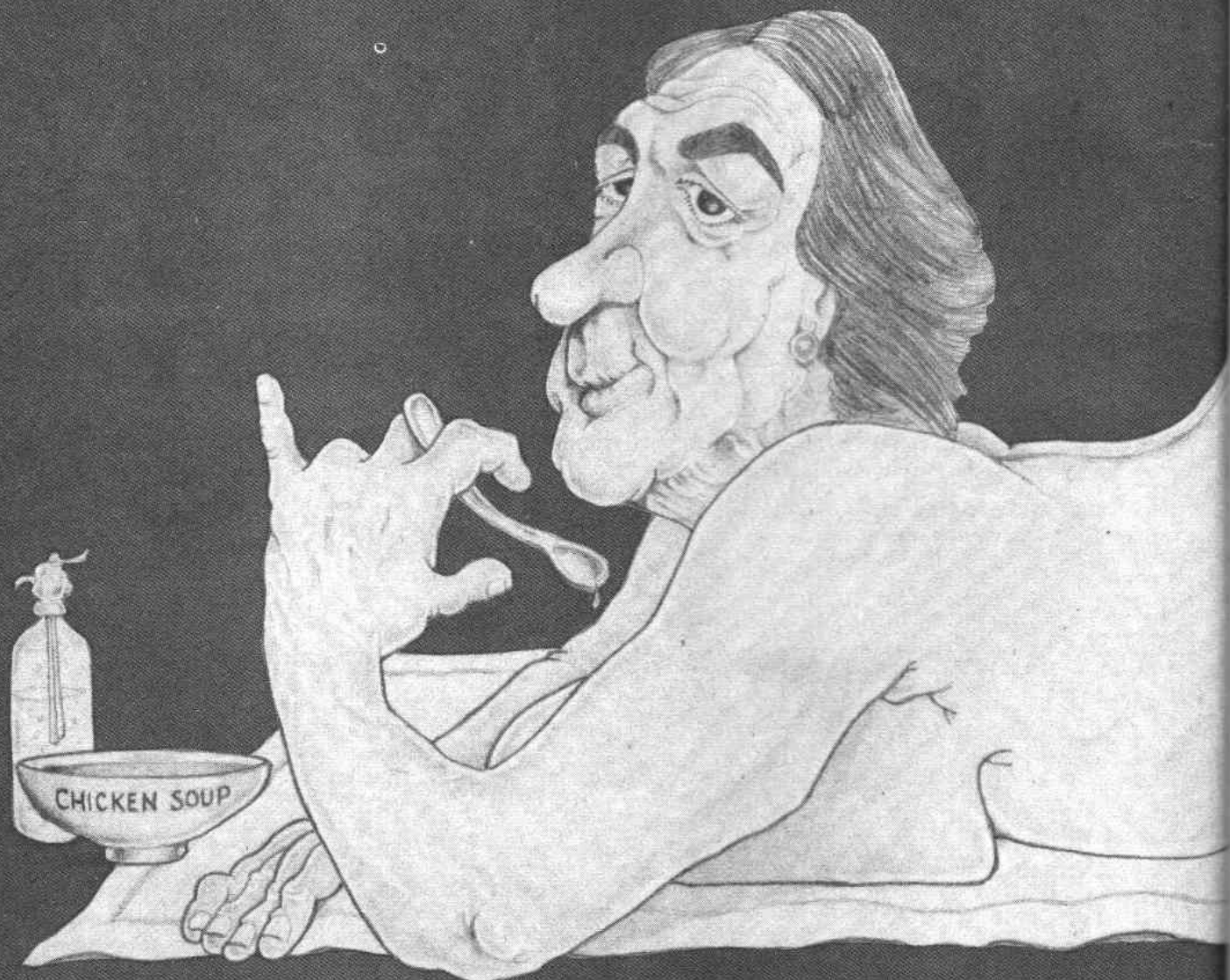
Thomas Uwanawich  
Joanne Boyle  
Gina Scott  
Charles Foster  
E.L. Neren  
Ruth Novack  
Stephen Appleton  
Andrew Rowsome  
Juliann Fortune  
Satoshi Ohashi  
Joseph Rizzi  
Hanga Cho  
Robert Ardrey  
Wally Richardville  
Anna Musolf  
M.M. Drew  
L. Jabachi



WATCH FOR DETAILS OF EXCITING NEW CONTEST IN NEXT ISSUE

PLAYMATE  
OF THE MONTH

# IN GOLDA

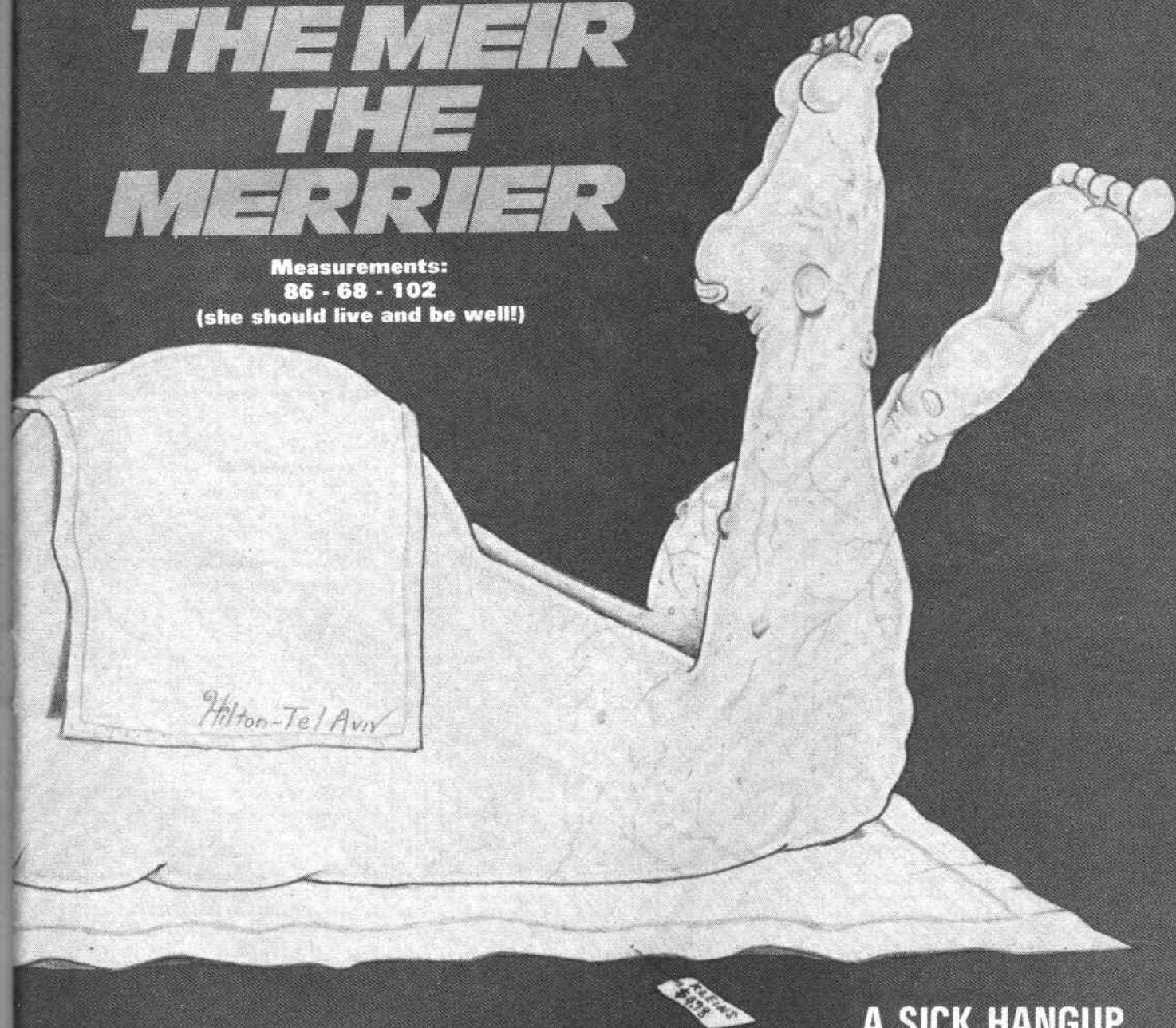




# WE TRUST

## THE MEIR THE MERRIER

Measurements:  
86 - 68 - 102  
(she should live and be well!)



A SICK HANGUP  
ART BY JOE McNEILL

**SPECIAL  
WATERGATE  
EDITION**  
IT WILL BUG EVERYBODY!

# Sick Sick

Love Thy Neighborhood

IN-SICK-NIFICANT

I would like to point out that I am not now, nor have I ever been, a member of the Republican Party...



**New York:** The price of meat is so high here, they can't afford to feed the lions in the zoo—they just leave the cages open. And a reporter swore he saw Elizabeth Taylor slipping into Tiffany's—to get a meatball mounted!

**Ottawa:** Our correspondent wired the story of a local man who had a miraculous escape. It seems a plumber fell off a cliff and his whole life flushed before his eyes!

**Kansas City:** Police here suspect a chap is a member of the Mafia—they caught him training his dog on "The Valachi Papers."

**Utah:** One union leader hereabouts really takes his work seriously. When his kid wanted to hear a bed-time story, he began: "Once upon a time and a half..."

**Las Vegas:** That's Show-Biz: A noted TV producer was doing great with a "summer replacement"—until his wife found out about her.

**Birmingham:** We learned from an obituary notice that a recently deceased executive loved crossword puzzles so much, that on the day he died, he asked to be buried six down and three across.

**Denver:** Desperation Note: An old maid saw a handsome fellow's picture on a "Wanted" poster—and is offering \$100 more than the FBI!

**Wall Street:** One financier likes to recall how he cleverly avoided being wiped out by the stock-market crash of 1929—he went broke in 1928!

**Boston:** When a local boss told a new secretary that he would pay her \$150 a week with pleasure, she replied: "Sorry, with pleasure it's \$50 extra!"

**Galapagos Islands:** News has seeped out that Jacques Cousteau is shooting an underwater movie about the creatures of the reef called: "Deep Trout!"

**Jersey City:** An insurance company has come up with a wonderful new burglary protection plan. If an intruder enters your apartment, an alarm rings in their central office—and they immediately cancel your policy.

**Paris:** How anti-American can you get? A tourist was arrested just for taking pictures. Unfortunately, he was taking them out of a museum.

**U.P. Bulletin:** With most of his staff being indicted on criminal charges, his close associates believe that the President is thinking seriously of moving the Summer White House from San Clemente to San Quentin.

**Dublin:** A local wag states that though the Irish may drink a bit on St. Patrick's Day, when they hold a Von Steuben Day parade, the Germans take prisoners.

**Atlanta:** Attention Job-Seekers: They fired a gift counselor in a leading department store—he was recommending pocket watches for nudists!

**Minneapolis:** Overheard at a recent bar association party: They say that F. Lee Bailey gave a perfect definition of a girdle: "An accessory after the fat."

**The Bronx:** Food prices are so high here, it costs \$42 a week just to go on a hunger strike. In fact, a writer tried to sell a local comic a routine about the meat boycott for \$2,000. "Too much," said the comic, "got anything cheaper—a routine about fish or poultry?"

**Toledo:** A fellow we know here has a fiancée who's such a lousy cook, that when they go on a picnic he has to bring along "Tums" for the ants.

**Pittsburgh:** Picky, Picky. A fellow was arrested for running over a button. Unfortunately, the button was on a traffic cop's coat. When the defendant was brought into court, they found his eyes were so bad, his car had a prescription windshield.



# World



ATTENTION WORLD:  
**FREE THE  
WATERGATE  
500**

NEWS OF THE MONTH

by FRED WOLFE



**Iowa:** A drive-in theatre here has become very popular with teenagers, and all because of the screen—which the manager puts around each car.

**St. Paul:** One of Nader's Raiders comment on a used-car dealer's claim that "he stands behind every car he sells."—"He wouldn't dare stand in front—the brakes are shot!"

**Miami:** Sign in a psychiatrist's office: "Your problem solved or your sickness cheerfully refunded."

**Burbank:** A down-on-his-luck actor got into big trouble recently. Seems he tried to pay a Diners' Club bill with an American Express card.

**Newark:** Talk about tough neighborhoods, one here is so tough they raffle off police cars.

**TV News:** There's a new quiz show out that has a very low budget. In fact, what they do is call you up and borrow 20 bucks.

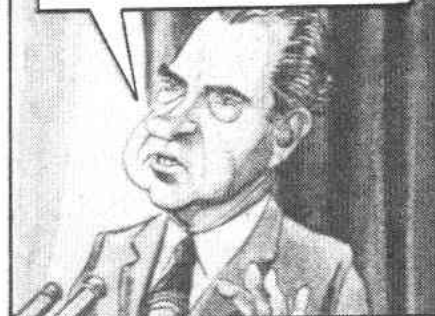
**Philadelphia:** From this town comes the words of a famous sports announcer who said: "The only wrestling matches that aren't fixed are those in the back of a car."

**Spain:** A jet-setter playboy broke off with his fiancée because she was very stupid. As he claims, "even her wisdom teeth are retarded!"

**Beverly Hills:** At a recent roast-dinner in this area, Howard Cosell was described as the only man that Xavier Cugat would leave in the room along with Charo.

**Film City:** It's now estimated that the "Godfather" will make \$100 million this year. What's more, the movie won't do bad either.

I'm innocent of any wrongdoing but I need time to prove my innocence. Therefore, I am asking for a third term . . .



**Tel Aviv:** Talk-About-Taste Dept. A Jewish magician has been making the rounds of nightclubs here—pulling rabbis out of hats.

**Los Angeles:** Inflation Note: Flip Wilson's dresses for TV cost 5 times as much as Milton Berle's did.

**Las Vegas:** Zsa Zsa Gabor now gets married in the mornings only. This is so the day's not wasted if the marriage doesn't work out.

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner) (S) Richard D. Lordi

**TV REVIEW:** WITH A WARDROBE LIKE AN UNMADE BED, A SHERLOCK HOLMES APPROACH (WHOM HE APPROACHED FOR LOITERING) AND AN INFALLIBLE GIFT FOR STEPPING ON CRIMINALS' TOES (NOT TO MENTION THE BUNIONS OF INNOCENT BYSTANDERS) ALL THIS IS REASON ENOUGH FOR US TO CALL THIS LOVABLE KLUTZ...

# COLUMBOOB!!

SCRIPT BY: INSPECTOR FRED WOLFE

ART BY: DETECTIVE TONY TALLARICO



YET, WEEK AFTER WEEK, YOU SOLVE THE MOST **COMPLICATED** CASES BY JUST PLAIN **HORSE SENSE!** HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR IT?

I GREW UP IN A **STABLE!**

I SEE. COULD YOU TELL MY READERS OF A PARTICULARLY **TOUGH** CRIMINAL CASE THAT YOU WERE ABLE TO UNRAVEL WITH YOUR **MASTERFUL, PENETRATING** AND UNBELIEVABLY **BUMBLING** METHOD OF DETECTION?

SURE, SURE. IT WAS WHEN THEY RUBBED OUT THIS HIGH-SOCIETY CHARACTER, REGINALD VAN GELDER THE 3RD. EVEN HIS **HORSE** DID BETTER THAT DAY... IT CAME IN 2ND. WELL, THIS REGGIE GOT SHOT WITH A **38**.

**NO, 38 BULLETS...** THE MURDERER WAS A **ROTTEN SHOT!** SO WHEN REGGIE MET HIS MAKER MINUS THREE MILLION IN MAZUMA TAKEN FROM HIS SAFE,

**38 CALIBRE**

I STARTED CHECKING OUT HIS PALS, WHO WERE LISTED IN THE SOCIAL REGISTER... WHICH MADE ME SUSPICIOUS SINCE THEY WERE ALL USING **ALIASES!**



HOW DO YOU DO?  
I'M CHESNEY  
SCURVINGTON  
KREEVNEY!

GEE, I HOPE IT'S NOT CATCH-  
ING! MY NAME IS DETECTIVE-  
INSPECTOR **COLUMBOOB**!

AND WHAT CAN  
I POSSIBLY DO  
FOR YOU?

YOU CAN **CONFESS** TO THE  
MURDER OF REGINALD VAN  
GELDER THE 3RD... AND SAVE  
THE SPONSOR A LOT OF  
**EXPENSIVE PRIME-TIME!**

BUT WHAT MAKES  
YOU THINK THAT  
I'M THE **GUILTY**  
PARTY?

YOU FORGET, I WAS  
AT **REHEARSALS!**  
BESIDES, YOU DON'T HAVE  
AN **ALIBI!**

THAT'S **NONSENSE!**  
I SPENT THAT NIGHT  
TALKING TO MY  
GRANDMOTHER.

BUT I KNOW THAT YOUR  
GRANDMOTHER'S BEEN  
DEAD FOR OVER TWENTY  
FIVE YEARS!

SO WHOEVER SAID  
SHE WAS A GREAT  
CONVERSATIONALIST?

THAT MAKES A LOT OF  
SENSE! SO PERHAPS YOU  
COULD TELL ME IF ANY  
OTHER OF MR. VAN  
GELDER'S FRIENDS  
MIGHT HAVE SOME INFO'?

WELL, THERE'S  
**SAMANTHA**  
**SWELLINGTON**, MR.  
VAN GELDER'S FIANCEE.  
SHE'S GOT CLASS, REFINEMENT,  
POLISH... AND A **BIG MOUTH!**  
YOU TWO SHOULD GET  
ALONG FINE.

WHERE CAN I  
FIND THIS  
**SAMANTHA**  
DAME?

OH, I IMAGINE SHE'S  
HANGING AROUND HER  
APARTMENT, AS USUAL!

I GUESS I'LL  
CHECK OUT THIS  
SWELLINGTON DAME.

**OOOPS!** THAT KREVNEY  
WAS RIGHT... THAT GIRL  
**DOES** HANG OUT HERE!  
OH, WELL, BACK TO  
THE OLD DRAWING  
BOARD!

**YOU**  
AGAIN!?

I REALLY HATE TO DISTURB A  
BUSY PERSON LIKE YOURSELF, BUT  
WE JUST FOUND MISS SWELLINGTON  
HANGING FROM A CHANDELIER!  
CAN YOU GIVE US AN EXPLANATION?

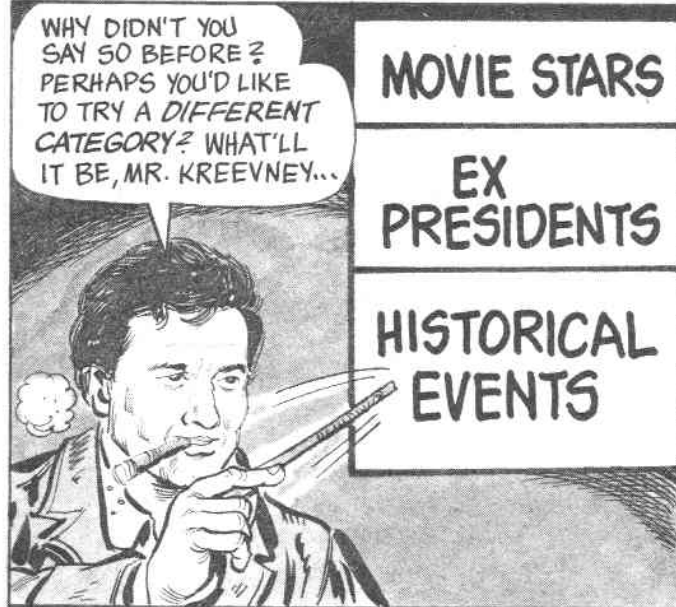
LET'S JUST  
SAY SHE  
WAS A  
**SWINGING**  
**SINGLE!**

OH, THEY'RE JUST  
COPIES OF THE REAL  
THING. IN FACT, IF  
IT WEREN'T FOR  
MY **WELFARE CHECK**,  
I COULDN'T HOLD MY  
HEAD UP IN THE  
NEIGHBORHOOD.

PRETTY NICE ART JUNK  
BUT IF YOU'RE JUST  
SKIMPING ALONG, YOU COULD  
HAVE MADE GOOD USE OF  
THE THREE MILLION  
SMACKERS STOLEN FROM  
VAN GELDER WHEN HE WAS  
MURDERED?

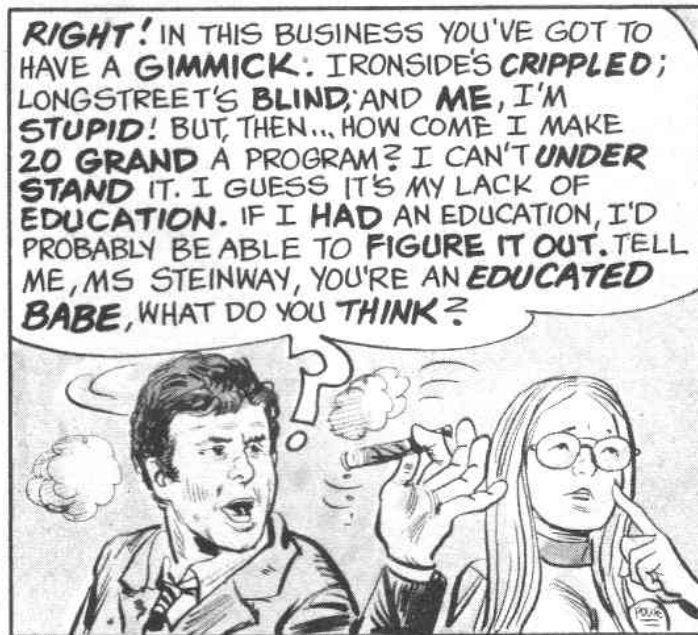
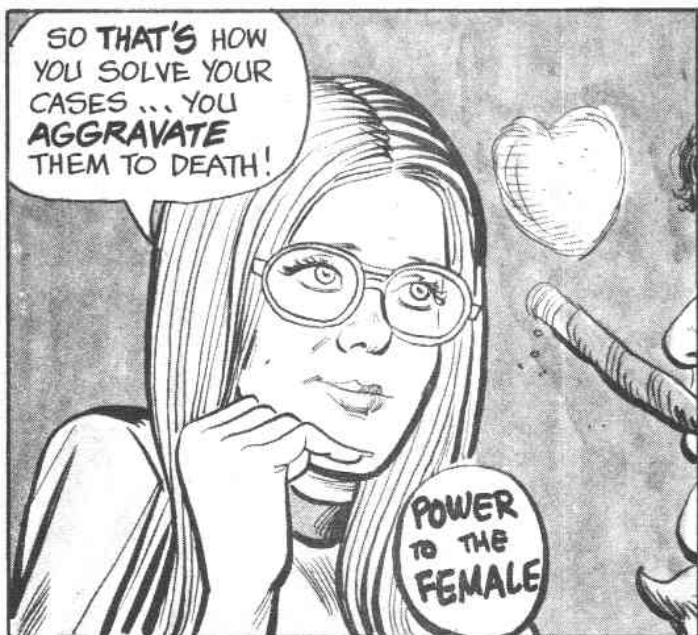
**THAT DOES IT!**  
I'VE HAD IT UP TO  
HERE WITH YOUR  
COCKAMAMIE  
QUESTIONS!

You're starting to dribble again...











# Dear Crabbie:



**DEAR CRABBIE:** I am an exceptionally neat person. I dust and clean my apartment every day of the week. I mop my own floors and put doilies on the furniture, which I knitted myself. However, everytime my betrothed visits my apartment, there are cigar ashes all over the floor, on the couch, and on all my antique accessories. I can simply scream! What do you suggest?

—DOMESTICATED

**DEAR DOMESTICATED:** Buy her a pipe!

**DEAR CRABBIE:** I recently met a wealthy man who says that no price is too great to buy my love. On our first date, he offered me a solid gold watch—but I fought for my honor. On the next date, he offered me a mink coat—but I fought for my honor. On our last date, he offered me five thousand dollars—but I still fought for my honor. What do you suggest I do in the future?

—HIGH IDEALS

**DEAR HIGH IDEALS:** If he should raise the ante to fifteen gees, I'd throw—the next fight!

**DEAR CRABBIE:** All the girls in my college dormitory go along with the "new freedom." Everytime there's a ballgame or a dance at our girl's school, they invite their dates to stay overnight to share their "hospitality." So far, I have abstained. Tell me—where do you stand on "free love?"

—PONDERING

**DEAR PONDERING:** First in line!

• • •

**DEAR CRABBIE:** I don't know what to think anymore. My fiancée said he had plenty of money in the bank but kept refusing to buy me an engagement ring. After constant nagging on my part, he finally presented me with a huge sparkler. Unfortunately, the other day I dropped it and it shattered in a million pieces. What can I expect?

—UPSET

**DEAR UPSET:** Seven years bad luck!

• • •

**DEAR CRABBIE:** When I first went out with my boyfriend, he was a perfect gentleman. He never made an improper suggestion. He never made a pass. In fact, he never even held my hand. However, now that we're going steady, he touches me on my back, on my arms, on my shoulders, on my knees. Is he taking me for granted?

—DISENCHANTED

**DEAR DISENCHANTED:** It sounds more like he's taking inventory!

• • •

**DEAR CRABBIE:** Through a computer dating agency, I met a man who tells me that he is flushed with success, is a big plunger and can get to the bottom of a problem that bowls other people over. Do you think he's a big executive?

—CURIOUS

**DEAR CURIOUS:** No, I think he's a plumber!

• • •

**DEAR CRABBIE:** As one woman to another,

how do you feel about big hairy chests?

—PANTING

**DEAR PANTING:** Ugh! If I were you, dearie—I'd shave.

• • •

**DEAR CRABBIE:** My boyfriend has become impossible. Everywhere we go, his paws are all over me. He paws me at parties; he paws me in the park. What shall I do?

—FED UP

**DEAR FED UP:** Why don't you look at it as the paws that refreshes?

• • •

**DEAR CRABBIE:** My question is—do you believe in love at first sight?

—ROMANTIC

**DEAR ROMANTIC:** At first sight of what?

• • •

**DEAR CRABBIE:** I am 250 pounds and have never gone out on a date. Shall I let a boy pick me up?

—HEAVY-HEARTED

**DEAR HEAVY-HEARTED:** Only if he's wearing a truss!

• • •

**DEAR CRABBIE:** I would like to have my face lifted, but I hear it's very expensive. What do you suggest?

—SAGGING

**DEAR SAGGING:** Why don't you just have your body dropped?

• • •

**DEAR CRABBIE:** My horoscope says that my boyfriend and I are perfectly matched. I'm a Pisces, the fish—and he's a Leo, the lion? What do you think?

—STARSTRUCK

**DEAR STARSTRUCK:** I think it's a lot of Taurus, the bull!

• • •

**DEAR CRABBIE:** I'm the only one in my crowd who's content to play the field. Tell me, what makes all my friends go steady?

—QUIZZICAL

**DEAR QUIZZICAL:** I don't know—prune juice?

**DEAR CRABBIE:** I am 65 and going with a girl who's 16. What do you think would give her the most pleasure after dinner?

—DADDYKINS

**DEAR DADDYKINS:** Throw her over your shoulder and burp her!

• • •

**DEAR CRABBIE:** My new guy has Latin charm and a Greek profile. What should I beware of?

—BREATHLESS

**DEAR BREATHLESS:** Roamin' hands!

• • •

**DEAR CRABBIE:** I hired a private detective to follow my wife to a motel, and he took spicy motion pictures. Do you think I should show it to my wife?

—AGONIZED

**DEAR AGONIZED:** No, show it in your neighborhood theatre—you may have a hit on your hands!

• • •

**DEAR CRABBIE:** I realize that in this sexually liberated age, women sometimes have to take the initiative. When, in your opinion, is the best time for a woman to call a man?

—FREE SPIRIT

**DEAR FREE SPIRIT:** When his wife's not at home!

Let's face it! The last thing we enjoy finding in our mail is a bill. This means we gotta shell out money. Now it wouldn't be so bad to pay it, if the language of bills weren't so mercenary—Namely...

# If Bills



## I.M. QUACK, M.D. PhD, FACP, NKVD, RSVP

You came to see me,  
You were feeling sick,  
You asked me to cure you;  
You wanted it quick.  
I made you get well,  
Though my fee was quite high  
So pay up your bill  
Or I might let you die!

## HARDWOOD FURNITURE STORES

You bought a bedroom set from us,  
The most expensive one in stock.  
You had to have the very best,  
Though it might put you well in hock.  
We hope you are enjoying it.  
Oh yes, just one thing more--  
In case you do not pay on time,  
You'll be sleeping on the floor!

## D. Finster Slum Landlord

To whom it may concern!  
You bang on them pipes when it's freezing  
You complain when you ain't got no heat.  
You can't stand the sight of no garbage,  
You want I should sweep up the street.  
You climb walls when the toilet don't flush right,  
And the roaches don't give you no rest.  
But if you don't pay the rent by tomorrow--  
Consider yourself dispossessed!



# Were Written As Poetry

as dunned by MARYLYN IPPOLITO



## BLISS FUNERAL HOME "Your Dying Is Our Living"

I've just embalmed your uncle,  
A casket and a wreath.  
Now if you don't pay what you owe me,  
You'll join him six feet underneath!



## ELITE PRIVATE SCHOOL

Dear Parent:  
Education is what children need,  
No matter what their race or creed.  
We must train all of them to learn.  
We must give them our main concern.  
We must be friends as well as preachers.  
We must however, pay our teachers.  
So send the tuition you withheld,  
Or tomorrow your kid gets expelled!

## G. Cleff MUSIC TEACHER

Piano • Oboe • Glockenspiel • Kazoo

I taught your kid the piano,  
Despite the fact he's all thumbs.  
Now I'd like all the money you owe me  
Or else I will teach him the drums!

## I. YANKUM, D.D.S. PAINLESS DENTIST (me, not you!)

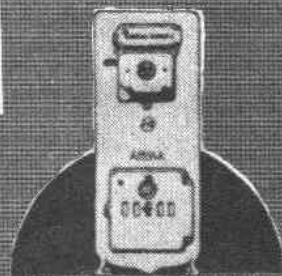
I fixed your teeth as painlessly  
As I could possibly be.  
So pay up, friend, or else next time,  
Next time it'll hurt you more than me!



# JOIN THE NEW MOVE PAY TOILETS ARE U



ACTUAL CLIPPING  
FROM THE  
WALL STREET JOURNAL  
APRIL 23, 1973



## Brother, Can You Spare a Dime? Group Assails Pay Toilets

Pay-as-You-Go Policy Is Called  
Inhumane, Unfair to Women;  
Annual Take: \$30 Million

By BYRON E. CALAME  
Staff Reporter of THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

The Committee to End Pay Toilets in America has a problem. The mere mention of its name makes people snicker.

"It's hard to get people to take us seriously," concedes president Michael Gessel of Philadelphia, who, like his organization, is very serious. "Since there's little we could do to fight the tendency to laugh," he continues earnestly, "we decided we would capitalize on it to press our case."

So now the committee has an official publication, "Free Toilet Paper," prominently displaying the committee's symbol—a clenched fist rising out of a toilet bowl—and championing its cause with heavy doses of hyperbole. "Countless comrades lay imprisoned in grim walls waiting for the day of liberation," a recent editorial thundered ungrammatically. "Great numbers of wretched souls tear their pockets every day, searching for the proper change needed to enter the chamber of relief."

And a recent feature entitled "The Toilet Zone" was a takeoff on television's "Twilight Zone." It was all about one Albert Cury, a mythical pay lock manufacturer whose "creations were the terror of restrooms all across the nation." When Mr. Cury dies, he is condemned to rush panic-stricken through the after-life, lacking the dime that would open one of his own locks. "Until the end of time," the story ends, "Albert Cury could not get in."

It was all rather funny, but the committee insists its purpose is no laughing matter. That purpose is to convince those who complacently accept pay toilets—that these enterprises are both "inhumane" and discriminatory against women. "After the first chuckle," says past-president Natalie Precker of Kent, Ohio, "people tend to sober up and identify with the pay-toilet problem."

### A Constitutional Question

Indeed, Ceptia, as the committee dubs itself, claims it's tapping a life-time dues: a frustration. Its membership (life-time dues: a has soared 50% since December, to 10 states, according to Steven

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# MENT: NCONSTITUTIONAL!

A Public Service Article

by

ARON MAYER

Head Writer

## THEY CRAMP YOUR STYLE

In this day and age of freedom and human dignity, there remains one stain on our civilization that has, in point of fact, not been wiped clean. We speak of none other than that peculiar phenomenon in our presence... the *Pay Toilet*!

How many times have you been "rarin' to go" but have found yourself without that precious dime in your pocket? How many times have you said to yourself, "I'd be sitting pretty if it wasn't for that silly lock!" Mainly, how many times have you developed *water-on-the-knee* standing there waiting?

This is why we say that *Pay Toilets Must Go*! We've taken enough of their guff, it's time they took some of ours. We have to show them they can't fool around with Mother Nature.

It's been estimated that thirty million dollars were spent on pay toilets in America last year—and that's a lot of money down the drain. We've heard of "pay as you go" but this is ridiculous! It's a constitutional right that each citizen is entitled to "go" when and where the spirit moves him!

Don't anybody "pooh-pooh" the idea, it's nothing to turn your back. We've got to pull out all the stops. We've got to plug up all the leaks. We've got to get to the nitty-gritty or we'll all sink to the bottom together!

So get behind the movement. Don't rest until "The Committee To End Pay Toilets In America" is flushed with success!

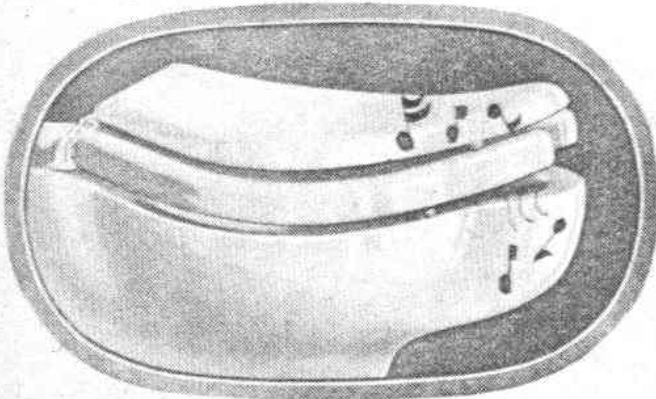
Write to your Congressman today. Better still, write directly to your nearest restroom. Even better, write on the walls! Spell out your message to the Pay Toilets of America. Remember: You have nothing to lose but your chains!



**TAKE THE PLUNGE—ORGANIZE A  
SIT-DOWN STRIKE TODAY!  
FREE THE TOILETS—YOU HAVE NOTHING  
TO LOSE BUT YOUR DRAINS!**

## THE FREE TOILET MOVEMENT'S

# TOP 20 SONGS\*



\*according to meters placed in selected  
johns all over the country

- Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny
- You Go To My Head
- The Potty's Over

- I'm Sitting On Top Of The Whirl
- Cheek To Cheek
- Fanny
- Sani Flush Is Comin' To Town
- In The Wee Wee Hours Of The Morning
- I've Got The World On A String
- Don't Drain On My Parade
- Urinal Smoothie
- Opus No. 2
- Go, Go, A Thousand Times Go
- Flushing Will Make It So
- Tissue Is Or Tissue Ain't My Baby?
- Sit Down, Sit Down (You're Rockin' The Bowl)
- The Can Can Dance
- Sink You Sinners
- Zipper De Do-Dah
- After The Bowl Is Over

CUT OUT AND  
KEEP IN WALLET  
FOR EMERGENCY

THE  
PAY TOILET  
CREDIT  
CARD



GOOD IN ANY COMFORT STATION IN AMERICA  
(entitles bearer to one seat)

# FREE TOILET MOVEMENT STICKERS



**STAND UP  
FOR  
SIT-DOWN  
RIGHTS**

**KEEP OUR  
URINALS  
BEAUTIFUL**

**WE WANT  
DUTY FREE  
TOILETS**

**FLUSH  
RIGHT**

**FREE  
PARKING  
FOR  
EVERYONE  
EVERYWHERE**

**WHEN YOU'RE  
NO. 2  
YOU GOTTA  
TRY HARDER!**

**DIME  
DOES NOT  
PAY**

AMERICANA DEPT.

# You Know You're In A Small Town When...

...the town drunk  
gets high on 7-Up

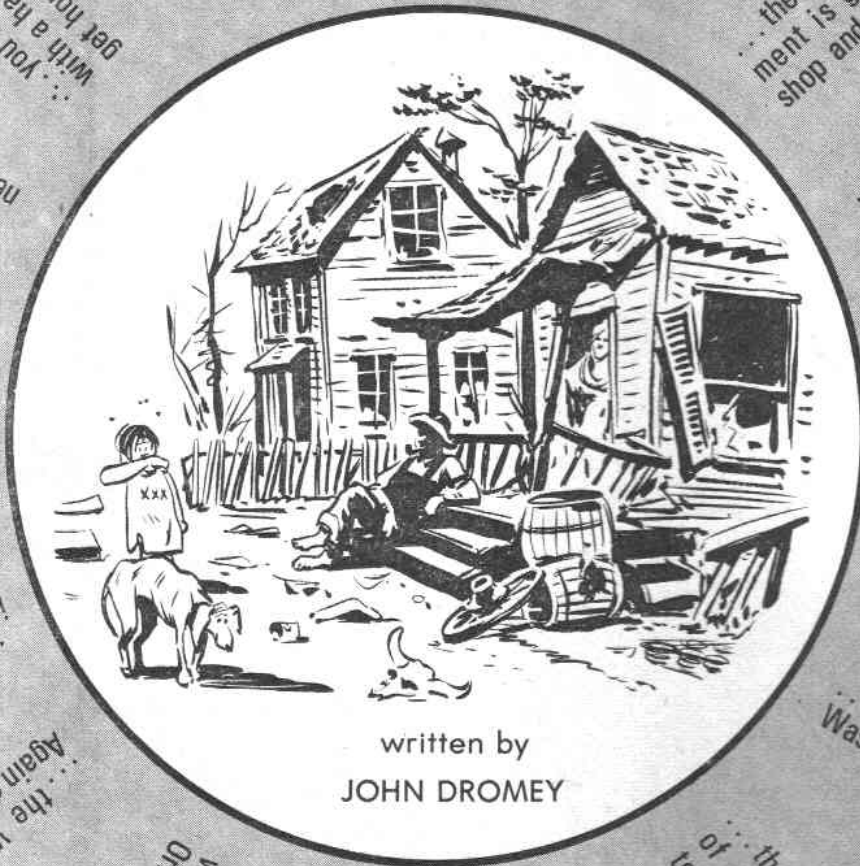
...the doctor makes  
house calls on foot

...the High School Prom  
is informal

...the Welcome and Come-  
Again signs are back-to-back

...You can paint the town red  
with a half-inch brush and still  
get home before midnight

...Your next door  
neighbors are out-of-towners



written by  
JOHN DROMEY

...the Saturday night excite-  
ment is going to the barber  
shop and watching a haircut

...the hospital emergency  
number is on a party line

...the Welcome Wagon  
is a tricycle

...the nearest big town  
is Gopher Gulch

...the head of the Mafia is a  
Wasp

...Main Street is a Federal  
Highway and you don't have to  
slow down

...there's a revival and the Sal-  
vation Army sends a one-man  
band

...the fire department consists  
of volunteers from nearby  
towns

...You're on a first-name basis  
with the fuzz, and his name is  
Orville





COMEDIAN OF THE MONTH:

# JACK E. LEONARD

This month's SICK Salute goes to a man we're all going to miss. Jack E. Leonard's untimely death in June, 1973 brought a halt to the biting humor of a real heavyweight in the field. For it was Fat Jack, as he was affectionately called, who originated the modern insult line of which Don Rickles is today's chief exponent. This was the basis for Jack E. Leonard's comic specialty, beginning with his opening line to audiences: "Good evening, opponents..."

At first reserved for the band on the bill with him, Jack soon started tossing insults at the managers of the clubs and theaters in which he performed ("the last time I saw a face like yours, there was a fish-hook in it.") From that point it was only a matter of time before the audience got it. To an unrecaptive audience in Boston, Jack once remarked: "If I were Paul Revere I wouldn't have warned you!"

To Leonard "sardonic humor is true humor" and he never was one to pass himself up as the butt of his joke. He used to be billed as the "Extra Padded Attraction" and once, when he weighed 360 pounds, he was listed as the "Magnificent Obstruction."

Jack E. Leonard was a comic's comic and his rapier-like shafts will not be forgotten as long as comics congregate. The following lines taken from his act will tell you why...

**"Good evening, opponents..."**



## — A SAMPLING OF FAT JACK'S HUMOR —



- I won't tell you how much I weigh, but don't ever get in an elevator with me unless you're going down!
- I played in one town—a really nice town. The Mississippi runs right through it, and I don't blame it!
- To Steve Allen: Some day you'll go too far, and I hope you stay there!
- To Henny Youngman: I think the world of you, and you know what I think of the world!
- I'll never forget the time I was flying over Milwaukee, and the pilot said: "We're now approaching the great city, let's set our watches back 100 years!"
- I've been on the Volkswagen diet. They shove you into one of those little cars, and then you've gotta starve yourself to get out!
- If you think I'm overweight, it's just an illusion. You're looking at me through fat eyeballs.
- To Frank Sinatra: I lost more than you are!
- To Steve Lawrence: You got a nice voice, kid, too bad it's in Eddie Fisher's throat!
- To Eddie Fisher: Someday you're gonna find yourself, kid, and I know you'll be very disappointed!
- Remember the words of Balboa who once said as he saw the Pacific Ocean: "What a spot for an oil slick!"
- On entering one of those small New York City cabs: "Take me to a bigger cab!"
- To a noisy heckler: Quiet or I'll come over and let the air out of your head!

Ever wonder how much you really know about manners? How much you're fully aware of proper etiquette? In short, how much of a *slob* you actually are? Well, you can stop wondering and start taking...



# The High School Etiquette Quiz

by  
Dennis Snee

Allow five points for each correct answer, ten points for each incorrect answer, and twenty-five points for each wart on your right index finger. Compute your score, then send it to the Tennessee Valley Authority, Box 106, Honolulu, Hawaii. If you don't hear anything in 7 days, forget the whole thing!

## CHOOSE THE BEST ANSWER FOR EACH:

### AT A WEDDING:

- a) The bride's family sits on the left, and the groom's family sits on the bride's family.
- b) During the reception, a smiling waiter brings the bride the check on a plain silver tray.
- c) The father of the bride pays for the reception, the father of the groom pays for flowers and a Spanish accordion player.
- d) "Good Luck" is offered the bride; a "plane ticket" is offered the groom.
- e) As a bachelor, I cannot answer this question.

### TRAVELLING IN EUROPE:

- a) It is best to leave the United States.
- b) Never buy French post cards in Poland.
- c) Always stay at the best hotels money can buy, and always buy the hotel.
- d) Refrain from travelling in the company of diabetic llamas that are not paper-trained.
- e) As a rehabilitated ex-con, I cannot answer this question because my ride is here for a bank job.

### GET-WELL CARDS:

- a) Are sent to invalids from valids.
- b) Should be sent from the heart with sufficient postage.
- c) Should be cheery, optimistic, and should not cite mortality statistics for the sick person's particular illness.
- d) May be sent belatedly to those who either recovered or have passed away.
- e) As a sterile cuckoo, I must now return to my clock.

### PLAYING POLO:

- a) Should never be considered a substitute for clean underwear.
- b) Is good exercise for the horse.
- c) Is similar to eating large-curd cottage cheese with someone else's fingers.
- d) Is done on horses or immense squirrels.
- e) As a chiropractor with cold hands, I decline to answer this question.



## INTRODUCTIONS:

- a) May take place only on Wednesdays, between two people with identical shoe sizes.
- b) Are sometimes unnecessary between husband and wife.
- c) Should be planned for a time when one of the parties is asleep and one is bathing his foot in epsom salts.
- d) Should never be made by a man who calls himself "Eleanor."
- e) As a ceramic ashtray, I cannot answer this question.

## PARTY INVITATIONS:

- a) Indicate a party.
- b) Are mailed three weeks prior to the date of the party, except to in-laws, whose invitations are mailed three weeks after the date of the party.
- c) Should indicate appropriate dress, such as black tie, white tie, or scuba-diving equipment.
- d) May also be sent for non-party type events, such as family shootings.
- e) As a devout Buddhist I will now set fire to this magazine.

## THANK-YOU-NOTES:

- a) Must be sent promptly upon receiving a gift, or as a gentle reminder to someone who should have sent a gift and didn't.
- b) Must be hand-written.
- c) Must be typed on bond-paper.
- d) Must be carved into the chest of a mailman.
- e) Should state clearly what you are thanking the giver for, like a toaster, a scented coat hanger, or a particularly unpleasant skin disease.

## FORMAL DINNER WEAR:

- a) Is worn to a formal dinner.
- b) Consists of a black tuxedo, cummerbund, and brightly colored sombrero (evening), with striped pants, white tie, and hockey gloves (afternoon).
- c) May be worn to state luncheons, inaugural balls and piano tunings.
- d) Is placed to the left of the salad fork.
- e) As a High Priest of Incan descent, I will offer a lamb in lieu of answering this question.

## GRADUATIONS:

- a) Are attended by parents, relatives, and second parties in paternity suits.
- b) Require no gift if the graduate has taken more than three times the normal number of years to graduate.
- c) Are primarily for the graduate, but may be utilized for Tupperware demonstrations.
- d) Fidel Castro in 1936.
- e) As a senior citizen, I didn't hear the question.

## GOING TO THE OPERA:

- a) Is done upon invitation.
- b) Is done upon a Honda.
- c) Is a costly social obligation, but not as costly as having the opera come to you.
- d) Requires a tuxedo, a reading lamp, and a good book.
- e) As a recent convert to atheism, I would like to speak with a minister of that faith before answering this question.

## BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENTS:

- a) Announce a birth or a clearance sale.
- b) Are optional.
- c) Are mandatory in states where pistachio ice cream can only be eaten in private by two consenting adults.
- d) Should include name of parents, date of birth, and a snap-shot of the maternal grandparents playing Parcheesi.
- e) As the defensive lineman for the San Diego Chargers, I don't understand the question.

## COMING-OUT PARTIES:

- a) Is a formal presentation of a young girl to society in a preserves jar.
- b) Is held when a debutante simultaneously sports at least three blackheads and a blotch of acne resembling the outline of the state of Louisiana.
- c) Is illegal when presided over by a plumber in change of life.
- d) Is sponsored by a debutante's parents as a gesture which means the girl will now stop wearing her mother's pantyhose.
- e) As an agent of the FBI, I am now placing my feet in the custody of my legs.

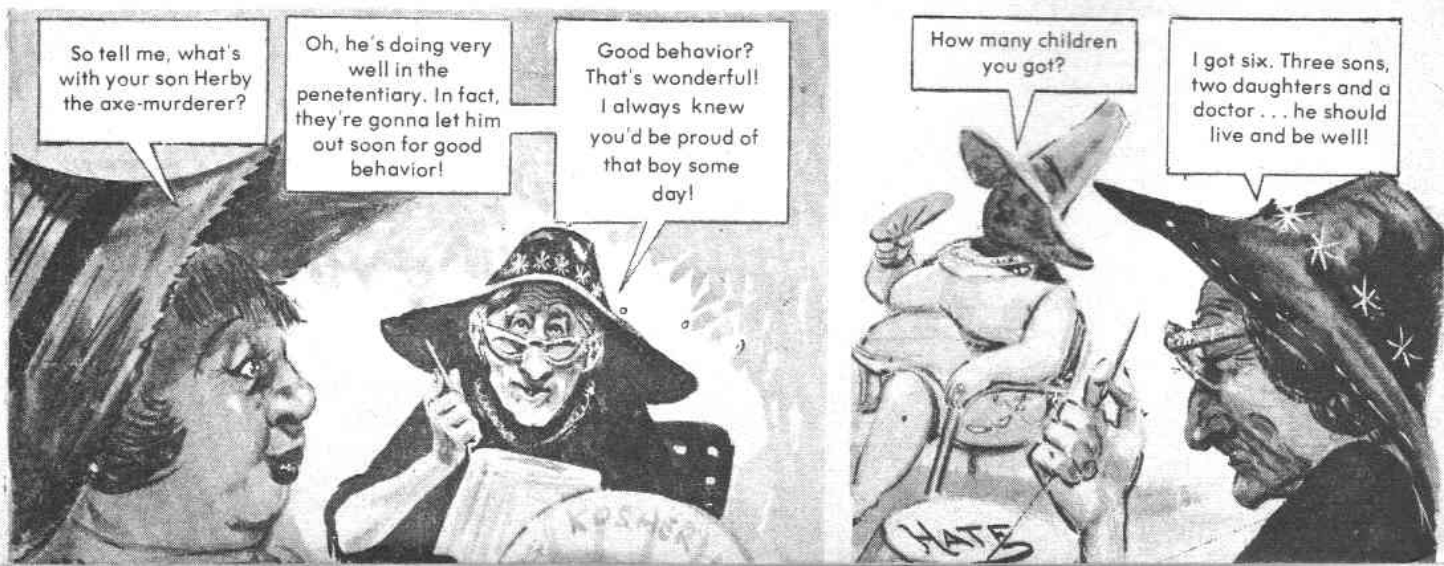
**FOR ANSWERS, READ BETWEEN THE LINES!**

Today the big thing in daytime television is the soap opera. Trouble is, they're all written for the woman of the house. But as we see it, there are other members of the family who are home during the day. Like for example — unemployed husbands, sick children and sponging relatives. Why not have soap operas designed for these people? They're entitled to have stories that appeal to them, like these...

# SOAP OPERAS

## GRANDFATHER KNOWS BEST A SOAP OPERA FOR GRANDPARENTS

As you remember yesterday, Mrs. Hotchkiss was rocking on the back porch talking about her gall bladder operation with Mrs. Klinemine who was showing her the latest pictures of her grandchildren when Mr. Ferdley hobbled by complaining that this month's check hadn't yet arrived from Arnold, his son the dentist. Meanwhile, back at the home, while Mrs. Kornflucht was telling Mrs. Huffmeyer about Rhoda, her ungrateful daughter-in-law, her teeth fell on the floor and when Mrs. Finkhart bent down to pick them up one of her varicose veins popped. But as usual, there was some levity on the scene. Mr. Nutley, that codgy old rascal, spiked Mr. Pfitzer's Serutan with prune juice and had him running backwards all night. Then Mr. Pfitzer disconnected Mr. Nutley's hearing aid and started moving his lips without saying anything and nearly drove Mr. Nutley crazy. As you can see, it was a hot time in the old folk's home last night. It is now the following morning and as we look in, Mrs. Globhock is saying to Mrs. Hackenbush







# for OTHER MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY

## YOUNG PEPPER'S FAMILY

A SOAP OPERA FOR TEENAGERS

When last we left Betty she was about to commit suicide after Billy didn't ask her to the prom because of her breath. Meanwhile, Bobby was so upset when he couldn't get permission to use the family car that he broke out in pimples which caused his girl Margy to get very nauseous and run away from home.

After trying to call Nancy he learned that she had run up such a big bill talking on the telephone that her parents had her committed to a mental institution.

Back at the school gym, Audrey was telling Sandy that her allowance was stopped because they found out she was going steady with a boy named Teddy who turned out to be her second cousin.

As we look in today on the earth-shattering events we find Jimmy and Debby sitting at a booth in the corner soda parlor...



Gosh, Jimmy, do you really think we should go on? I mean after all, we're only 15! Don't you feel we're a little too young?

Gee, Debby, I guess you're right! Maybe we should stop seeing each other!



But, Jimmy, we can't do that! What about our two children?

YIPES!! I almost forgot about them!

# HUBBY LOBBY

A SOAP OPERA FOR HUSBANDS

As you remember, when we last left off, a bunch of the boys were whooping it up at the corner saloon. Dave and Phil had a real load on as they listened to Harry complaining that the trouble was his wife understood him. Meanwhile Ralph and Charlie had just come in with Eddie and George after watching stag films and complaining the films didn't show girls but real stags. As Wally stood telephoning his wife that he was working late again at the office, Marty was telling how his wife caught him with the upstairs maid—or rather, with the maid upstairs. All of a sudden, Leo walked in looking very worried as his wife was having a baby—the wife he hadn't seen for a whole year. As we look in now, Rudy and the boys are playing poker at a corner table in the rear...





# humor in the HeadLines

NEW ORLEANS POLICE  
WARM STRIP-TEASERS  
*Springfield (Mo.) Leader-Press*

OLD CONFEDERATE FLAGS IN HIS  
LIBRARY AT HOME THAT HIS  
KIN FOUGHT AND FLED FOR  
*Richmond (Va.) News-Leader*

MAN SHOULD WORK FOR COMMON GOO  
*San Rafael (Calif.) Independent-Journal*

GRIME AMONG YOUTH GROWS  
*San Francisco (Calif.) Chronicle*

GUNMAN ROBES 2 HOTEL GUESTS  
*Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer*

FIFTY DEAD PERSONS  
HEAR MUSIC PROGRAM  
*Indianapolis (Ind.) Star*

WELL KNOWN LOCAL COUPLE  
RECEIVE BEDDING LICENSE  
*Portland (Ore.) News-Telegram*

MAN CHARGED WITH CARLESS DRIVING  
*Maywood (N.J.) Our Town*

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# SICK as it seems *by* LANSTON

Contrary to popular belief...

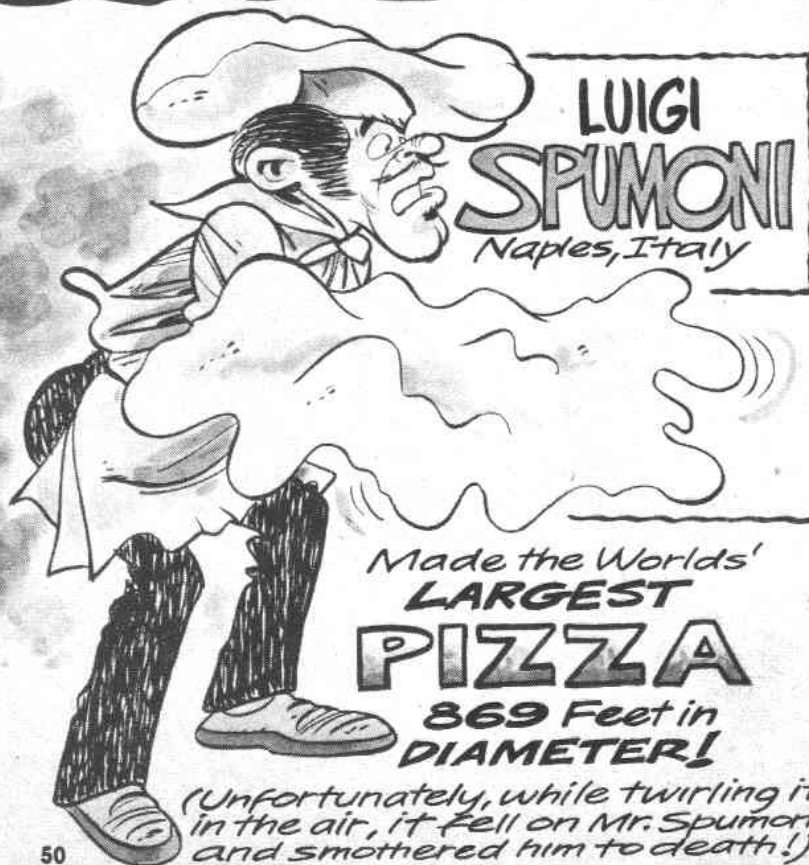
**The 7 Dwarfs were NORMAL!**

(Snow White was seven-feet-two!)



J. Sterling Grovis, Reno Nev.  
**MARRIED NINE DIFFERENT WOMEN IN ONE NIGHT!!!**

(Mr. Grovis is a Justice of the Peace there!)



Made the Worlds'  
**LARGEST PIZZA**  
869 Feet in  
DIAMETER!

(Unfortunately, while twirling it in the air, it fell on Mr. Spumoni and smothered him to death!)



Harvey  
**SNODGRASS**

Racine Wisconsin

**ATE AN ENTIRE BOX OF NAILS!**

(...then burped once, and pinned himself to the wall!!!)







**IN POLAND, DOCTORS ARE NOW WORKING ON HEMORRHOID TRANSPLANTS!**

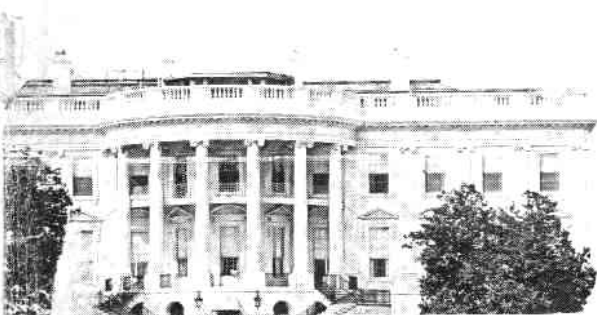


**FREE  
BONUS CUTOUT**

# THE WATER GATE GAME

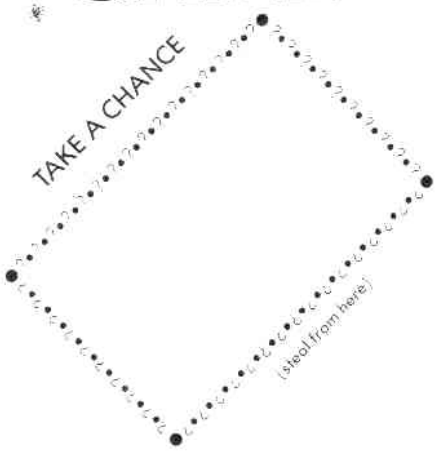
**IMPORTANT:  
THE PRICE YOU PAY IS  
5 TO 10 YEARS!  
(IF YOU  
MAKE ONE FALSE  
MOVE)**

 <b>FREE RIDE STATE PRI</b>	 <b>BURGLARIZE A PSYCHIATRIST'S SAFE</b>	 <b>FAKE A LETTER</b>	 <b>TAP A PHONE</b>	 <b>RESIGN YOURSELF</b>	 <b>GO TO JAIL</b>
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# RGATE GAME

TAKE A CHANCE



(Steal from here)

 <b>SING NEW SONG "BAIL TO THE CHIEF"</b>	 <b>ISSUE A BLANKET STATEMENT</b>	 <b>FLY TO BRAZIL</b>	 <b>PLUG UP A LEAK</b>	 <b>COMMUTE YOUR SENTENCE ON</b>	 <b>TAKE A CHANCE</b>	 <b>COVER UP ALL EVIDENCE</b>	 <b>RING UP YOUR LAWYER</b>	 <b>BUG OFF</b>
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 <b>NT A BUG</b>	 <b>ISSUE A DENIAL</b>	 <b>SPEAK SOFTLY</b>	 <b>GO BACK THREE SPACES AND SHRED A PAPER</b>	 <b>COLLECT \$200,000 PAY OFF FROM THE GOP</b>
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# **MOUNT RUSHMORE -1980**



**A SICK HANGUP**